The Nation

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Summary of the News

Congress reassembled on Monday for the transaction of formal business connected with the opening of the session. In the Senate, in the absence of the Vice-President, Mr. Clarke, of Arkansas, was reëlected President pro tempore. Speaker Clark was reëlected in the House on a party vote. Among Republicans welcomed back to the House after brief involuntary retirement from affairs of the nation were Mr. Cannon, Mr. Longworth, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Sulloway. In the Senate only passing reference was made to the fight for cloture defeated by resolute opposition in the Democratic caucus last week. Mr. Walsh, of Montana, reserved the right to raise the question at a later date. Meanwhile Senators continue in dignified enjoyment of immemorial right to debate as much and as long as they please. The President read his third annual address, on which we comment in our editorial columns, at the session on Tuesday.

Growing suspicion on the part of the State Department of activities of foreign diplomatic agents, other than those for which they were accredited to the United States, resulted on Friday of last week in the announcement by Secretary Lansing that the Government had requested the immediate recall of Captain Boy-Ed and Captain von Papen, the naval and military attachés of the German Embassy, on account of "improper activities in military and naval matters." The German Government, apparently surprised at such assertion of sovereignty by the United States, having requested specific explanation of the reason for this action, a reply was sent through the German Embassy on Tuesday, the contents of which have not been made public.

Meanwhile investigations into foreign conspiracies on American soil continue merrily. Buenz and his associates of the Hamburg-American Line were found guilty on each of the two counts in the indictment against them on Thursday of last week. Sentence of eighteen months imprisonment in the Federal Penitentiary at Atlanta was pronounced on Saturday on Buenz and two of his co-defendants. A third received sentence of a year and a day, while the Hamburg-American Line, with fine irony, was fined one dollar. This case being disposed of pending appeal to the Supreme Court, principal interest centres on the investigation by the Federal grand jury for the Southern District of New York into the activities of "Labor's National Peace Council," in connection with the promotion of strikes in munition factories. "Lieutenant" Robert Fay and his five associates also enjoy again the fierce light of publicity, having been reindicted on Monday by the Federal grand jury on five counts, of which one is conspiracy to commit murder.

Dispatches on Monday from Ambassador Page in London stated that he had lodged a protest with the British Government against requisitioning vessels of the American Transatlantic Steamship Company without the formality of prize-court proceedings. It is assumed that the cases of the Hocking and the Genesee were covered in the protest. Dispatches from London of December 3 explained that the British Government's action in requisitioning these vessels was only of a temporary character, intended merely to cover the trip from the ports where the vessels were seized to London, and taken for the purpose of centralizing in London all proceedings against ships of the American Transatlantic Steamship Company.

The only further news of the Ancona case was contained in a dispatch from Vienna of December 2, which stated that Ambassador Penfield had repeated his request to the Austrian Government for a reply to the American inquiry respecting the circumstances of the sinking. The situation will have been complicated by the news which came on Tuesday of the sinking by an Austrian submarine of the American oil ship Communipaw and of an attack on another oil ship, the Petrolite.

In his allocution to the consistory which opened on Monday, Pope Benedict again made a plea for "an exchange of ideas . . . based upon good-will and calm deliberation . . . duly recognizing the aspirations of all," which should pave the way for peace.

Rumors of desire for peace, officially denied, continue to come from Germany. *Vorwärts* last week stated that the Social Democrats would at the next session of the Reichstag put an interpellation to the Imperial Chancellor as to the conditions under which he would be willing to enter into negotiations for peace. The *Tageblatt* also had an article last week supporting the proposal with such ingenuity as almost to suggest an official hint to make the best of an unavoidable situation. We note elsewhere the ingenuous surprise of the Overseas News Agency that proposals of peace have not been put forward by the defeated Allies.

The text of the new agreement signed last week by representatives of the five Allied Powers, whereby none of them will conclude a separate peace without the approval of all, was published in Monday's papers. In the Italian Chamber on Friday Baron Sonnino announced the adherence of Italy to the agreement, and foreshadowed Italian action in support of Servia. The dispatches, however, leave the nature of the action contemplated somewhat vague. On Saturday the Cabinet of Premier Salandra was sustained in the Chamber by a vote of confidence passed by an overwhelming majority.

The see-saw of rumor in Greece and Rumania continues, inclining now to the Allies, now to the Teutonic Powers. Oddly enough the report most favorable to the Allies came on Sunday from Berlin. New proposals, it was stated in Monday's papers, have been made to Greece by the Powers of the Entente, but rumor only, as we write, gives any hint as to how these are likely to be received. Judging from an extraordinary interview given by King Constantine to the Associated Press and published on Tuesday, it would hardly seem probable that the reception will be favorable. The interview bears unmistakable evidence of the King's resentment, to say the least, against the Powers of the Entente. From Rumania the most interesting news that has been received was the report, by a Reuter dispatch of December 4, that the Government would this week commandeer all vessels in Rumanian ports "in the interest of national defence," and the report on Monday from the Bucharest correspondent of the Paris *Temps* that the Rumanian Government had decided to close to foreign navigation that part of the Danube which flows through Rumania.

Reports of the resignation of members of the Austrian Cabinet were confirmed on December 1 by dispatches from Amsterdam stating that the Emperor had accepted the resignations of the Minister of the Interior, the Minister of Commerce, and the Minister of Finance, and giving the names of their successors.

Rumors that the appointment of General Joffre to the supreme command of all the French military forces in Europe, announced on December 2, was but a polite way of removing him from the command of the main French battle front were effectually disposed of by a statement of M. Briand's on Saturday. On Monday General Joffre presided at a full council of war in Paris, at which all the Allies were represented.

The success at Ctesiphon of the British expeditionary force in Mesopotamia, which we recorded last week, turned out only to be the forerunner of a somewhat serious reverse. Accounts from Turkish sources, viewed at first with not unnatural suspicion on account of their mention of the capture of a British flag, were confirmed in essentials by a British official statement of December 4, admitting the retirement of the force, in face of strong Turkish reinforcements, on the well fortified position of Kut-el-Amara, where a successful battle was fought in September.

The Panama-Pacific Exposition closed on Saturday. The recorded attendance is given at more than 17,000,000, and the profit at $2,000,000.

A summary of General Goethals's report on recent slides in the Panama Canal was published in Sunday's papers. It was announced by the War Department on Monday that the President had appointed a commission of ten eminent scientists to go to the Isthmus and "investigate the entire subject of the slides on the Panama Canal and submit a report to the President thereon."

Dispatches from Madrid on Monday announced the resignation of the Cabinet of Premier Dato, as a consequence of a proposed motion by the Opposition, supported by ex-Premier Romanones, to give economic questions in Parliament priority over certain military measures.

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The Week

If Secretary Lansing had needed to refresh his memory about the right of a Government to refuse reasons for asking the recall of foreign diplomatic agents, he might have turned to the book of his father-in-law, ex-Secretary Foster, "The Practice of Diplomacy." One chapter deals with the "termination" of diplomatic missions, and clearly lays down the general rule that no Government is bound to explain why any given person has become *non grata*. Reasons are, indeed, sometimes asked. Secretary Blaine asked the Chilian Government why it wished Minister Patrick Egan recalled. But he was not told, and the Chilian difficulty was fortunately settled without a breach. Lord Salisbury informed Secretary Bayard that he did not like to recall Sackville-West without any assignment of the cause, since that would end the Minister's career; and rather brutally intimated that it would be better for the American Government to dismiss him, which it promptly proceeded to do. That course would have been followed in the case of the German military and naval attachés, if the request for their recall had not been complied with. If reasons were as plentiful as blackberries, diplomacy would not give them on compulsion, any more than would Falstaff.

Just how severe have been the requisitions of money laid by Germany upon the people of Belgium is a question which cannot be answered without a close inquiry into the facts, such as is quite impracticable on the basis of the news dispatches. No one knows what the total has been, nor what portion of it has been necessary for carrying on the government. But it is quite as unsafe to make guesses that put a favorable interpretation on the German exactions as it is to set them down as being, in the bulk, downright persecution of a conquered and devastated nation. Referring to the recent statement that the regular requisition of $10,000,000 a month was going to be exacted by extreme measures of confiscation if necessary, a writer, desiring to be fair to the Germans, says that "even if the Belgians were managing their own affairs, they would have to pay taxes, and they would be lucky to escape with the payment of $120,000,000 a year." Now, $120,000,000 a year for Belgium would be about as much per capita as $1,500,000,000 for the United States, and therefore is by no means obviously an amount with which the Belgians would "be lucky to escape" if they were managing their own affairs; and, as a matter of fact, the total of their national taxes in the budget for 1914 was, in round numbers, 350,000,000 francs, or $70,000,000. And this included more than $40,000,000 for service of the public debt, which it is safe to say the Germans are not bothering their heads about. Whether, on the other hand, the tax levied by the Germans is in part applied to local uses which formerly were supplied by the local governments, we are unable to say.

The King of Greece, in his message to the American people through the medium of the Associated Press, has made out as good a case as possible for his own views on Greek neutrality. He scores his strongest point when he argues that for Greece to have gone in with Servia would have meant inviting upon Greece the same fate that has fallen on her neighbor. From what we know of the lack of Allied preparedness in the Balkans, both diplomatic and military, it is probable that Greece would have felt the onset of the Teuto-Bulgar armies. The collapse of the Serbs during the latter part of the recent campaign was so swift that the war now might have been across the Greek frontier, if Greece were a party. Of course, the entrance of the Greek army at the beginning of the campaign would have made the enemy's advance less precipitate, but the odds would still have been against the Allies, and it is not difficult to catch the point of view of a monarch who would hesitate to expose his country to a Teutonic attack after repeated demonstrations of the swiftness and decision with which such attacks are carried out. This is the King's strongest argument in the sense that after sixteen months of war horror it is impossible altogether to condemn a ruler who has chosen to repudiate treaty obligations and promises in order to spare his people.

But this is all that can be said for King Constantine. Unlike King Albert, he preferred for his country peace without honor. He has repudiated a treaty with an ally to whom, as Venizelos said the other day, Greece largely owes her notable territorial gains of two years ago. The King spoke of Salonica, the second city of Greece. He would not be in possession of Salonica to-day were it not for the aid of the Serbs in 1913. Within the kingdom he has deliberately opposed the will of a majority of the nation which was in favor of going to the help of Servia. To his interviewer the King denied that Venizelos represented the will of the Greek people. "When the people reëlected Venizelos, they reëlected him, not his policy. They like him, and they elected him." A silly argument at best, and all the more absurd in face of the fact that Venizelos went out of office on this very issue of coöperation with the Allies, and on that issue was reelected.

Rear-Admiral Fiske's citation, in the *North American Review*, of the Russian armada of 1904-05 under Rozhestvensky, as an argument that great ocean spaces are no sure protection to a country, illustrates again a peculiarity of preparedness logic to which we have called attention more than once. Advocates of a large army for the United States will point to the wars in which the United States has been engaged. What? The United States won all of them, from the Revolution to the Spanish War? Yes, but see how much more easily we should have won if things had been as we want them. So Rear-Admiral Fiske denies that three thousand miles of water between us and Europe are a safeguard:

> This three thousand miles is, of course, a factor of importance, but it is not a prohibition, because it can be traversed with great surety and quickness—with much greater surety and quickness, for instance, than the 12,000 miles traversed by the Russian fleet, eleven years ago, in steaming from Russia to Japan.

What? The Russian fleet was utterly destroyed when it got to Japan? Yes, but suppose a stronger fleet than Russia had, and a more efficient leadership than that of the Russian admirals, and a weaker opponent than Admiral Togo, and it might have turned out altogether different. Perhaps it might; but the burden of proof is on the affirmative.

It is interesting to take up this Russian naval venture of ten years ago. Rozhestvensky's main fleet left Libau in mid-October, and the battle of the Sea of Japan was fought May 27, seven and a half months later. It is true that the Russian Admiral waited a long time in Asiatic waters for Nebogattof's squadron. This left Libau in mid-February and took nearly fifteen weeks to cover 12,000 miles, or at the rate of 800 miles a week. That, indeed, would show that a more efficient fleet than Russia's could cross the Atlantic in three weeks. But the real rate of speed must be found somewhere between Rozhestvensky's seven and a half months and Nebogattof's three and a half months. The latter had only a small cruiser squadron, and to that extent was immune against the delays attending on a great fleet.

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What happens to an Armada of great proportions is indicated by what happened to Rozhestvensky; the speed of the whole fleet was dictated by the speed of the "lame ducks." Even Germany is not immune to the law that the progress of a fleet is dictated by that of its slowest member. Imagine the fleet accompanied by transports carrying an army of invasion, and this consideration looms up ominously. We would not enter into specific figures to prove just this or just that. We would only point out that Rear-Admiral Fiske admits that the Atlantic is "a factor of importance, but not a prohibition." No one asserts that the Atlantic is an absolute prohibition to invasion. If we fold our arms and scrap our navy, of course we can be invaded. The trouble with most of your advocates of preparedness is that the Atlantic Ocean and our fleet and our coast defence are to them factors of no importance.

Whether they are talking peace in Germany or not, it is certain that they are not in any of the Allied countries. A separate peace for any one of them has been made impossible by Italy's now having put her name to the treaty, already signed by France, Russia, and England, agreeing to make peace only in concert. And in none of these four nations is there any sign of relaxing determination to see the war through. This attitude is stiffened, if anything, by the military successes of Germany. The Allies in general have a conception of the true posture of the war at present, and of the way in which triumph may come to them, not unlike that expressed by Winston Churchill, in his farewell to Parliament. He said:

> The old wars were decided by their episodes rather than by their tendencies. In this war the tendencies are far more important than the episodes. Without winning any sensational victories we may win this war. We may win it even during a continuance of extremely disappointing and vexatious events. It is not necessary for us to win the war to push the German line back over all the territory they have absorbed—nor to pierce it. While the German lines extend far beyond their frontiers, while their flag flies over conquered capitals and subjected provinces, while all the appearances of military success greet their arms, Germany may be defeated more fatally in the second or third year of the war than if the Allied armies had entered Berlin in the first year.

To the Overseas News Agency of Berlin we are indebted for a certain amount of information, from time to time, but its chief service has been that of an interpreter of the news. It is, in some ways, like the Chorus of a Greek tragedy, explaining what has been done and predicting what is to occur. Now, a Chorus need not be very strong on logic, and the Overseas Agency certainly is not. Its latest feat is an endeavor to clear up in the American mind the whole peace situation in Germany. It is known that the Socialist party is soon to interpellate the Government, not only on the question of the food supply, but on the possible terms of peace. Hence has been made abroad the impression that there is a good deal of peace talk in Germany. But it is important to know exactly why it exists, and the Overseas Agency gravely tells us. It is all "due to the fact that in Germany nobody understands why our enemies, after diplomatic defeats in the Balkans, coupled with military failures, have not yet begun peace negotiations." This makes all clear. Germany is not considering peace. She is simply expressing her indignation that the other nations do not know when they are beaten, and stupidly refrain from suing for the best terms obtainable.

The President's recommendation of a commission to inquire into the question of railway legislation is framed in very general terms. Mr. Wilson plainly has not in mind any proposals of a restrictive character. On the contrary, he refers to the possibility of "bettering the conditions under which the railroads are operated," because the existing problem of transportation causes doubt whether our railways will "much longer be able to cope with it successfully, as at present equipped and coördinated." It is not wholly clear what legislation is indicated by this suggestion; for there is apparently no direct way in which a Congressional statute could enlarge the railway facilities in track, terminals, and rolling stock. Railway men will be inclined to answer that the providing of these increased facilities could be promoted through relaxing present restrictions on the rates, and therefore on the possible earning power, of the transportation lines. But the question of rates is already in the hands of the Interstate Commission, whose work, the President says, "has fully justified the hopes and expectations" of the inaugurators of the regulation movement. It seems probable, on the whole, that if this special commission were to be appointed, it would be compelled by the nature of the case to take up all aspects of the railway situation, including the question whether rates are high enough. The conclusions of the commissioners might be one way or the other, on this as on other phases of the general inquiry. But we suppose that the effect of the President's recommendation, on the public mind, will to this extent be favorable—that it further emphasizes the tendency of the day away from the policy of unreasonable restriction and regulation which some of our State legislatures had recently pushed so far.

Gen. Goethals's recent report on the history of Panama Canal slides stated that failure to take steps against them was largely due to the opinion of advisory geologists that they would not be a menace. He himself now thinks that enlarged excavations will safeguard the Canal's future. He proposes to spend ten months in clearing away the sides of the "prism" at certain points near Culebra, and to remove 10,000,000 cubic yards of earth there—a considerable amount, as the whole original excavation required for Culebra Cut was but 100,000,000 cubic yards. Nevertheless, the President has done well to ask the National Academy of Sciences to appoint a commission of three geologists, three geophysicists, one seismologist, one physicist, and three engineers to go to Panama and study the whole problem with the utmost care. President Van Hise, of the University of Wisconsin, is to be chairman of the commission. These men will give such a study to the whole problem as it has never had before. Gen. Goethals has described the work of the Government geologists as hasty and inaccurate; and, of course, the "innumerable plans for treating the slides . . . suggested by interested and patriotic citizens throughout the country" to which Col. Gaillard once sarcastically referred, were only amateur schemes. It may now be possible to devise a scientific and permanently effective plan of operations.

Mr. Taft, in his somewhat belated reply to Mr. Garrison, accuses the Secretary of "special pleading." This being interpreted must mean, under all the circumstances, that the Secretary had special knowledge, which Mr. Taft did not have. It is obvious that he has been out of direct touch with Philippine affairs. He has had to depend upon haphazard information, some of which was untrustworthy. Even now, in the face of Secretary Garrison's damaging array of facts, he has had to wait several days until he could consult with Dean Worcester and others, and furbish up his case. For a man in such a situation to make the sweeping charge that President Wilson's policy in the Philippines had been "blind and foolish," was itself a blind and foolish thing. No doubt, there has been a certain amount of partisanship in ap-

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pointments to office; and the Filipinos have shown how rapidly they are becoming Americanized by themselves seeking office. Mr. Taft is pained at their having created a few "judicial berths." The controversy between Mr. Garrison and the ex-President is now at an end, we presume, and the honors cannot be said to rest with Mr. Taft. We shall hear much more of the affair in Congress. There, it is to be hoped, there will be a closer pinning down of the disputants to the facts of record; and also a desire not so much to make party capital as to do the wisest thing in shaping our Philippine policy for the future.

The general ignoring by the press of the action recently taken by the Unionist party of Porto Rico is another evidence of the indifference of the American public to affairs in the island. A small party in Porto Rico has been carrying on a propaganda for ultimate independence from the United States. The platform adopted by the Unionist party, after a bitter three days' fight, effectually quashes that faction. The history of the whole matter has some interest. In 1906, the Unionist lower house of the Legislature passed a resolution petitioning Congress to grant citizenship to all inhabitants; and it presented the same resolution again in 1910. But during the last session of the Sixty-second Congress, the House seemed to change its mind. It cabled to members of the United States Senate, protesting against passage of the citizenship bill then pending. This action was taken at the instance of the radicals who desired complete independence. They have been led by Señor José de Diego, the present Speaker of the House. The party opposed to the Unionists, the Republicans, has always advocated the grant of citizenship and as close a union with the United States as is compatible with home rule. The new platform, drafted for the specific purpose of settling the differences of opinion between the leaders, disavows the movement for independence, and binds the party to stand together in requesting Washington to give Porto Ricans citizenship. This request has been too long unheeded.

The Old Guard is mostly gone, but it would be a pity to forget what was at all events a picturesque group. Of them all, who was more picturesque than Uncle Joe? But he was more than picturesque, and his first interview upon his return to Washington for his twentieth Congress shows him still the Watchdog of the Treasury, with a penchant for apt quotations. While Presidents and ex-Presidents are citing Scripture the Speaker displays his versatility by turning to Tacitus for an observation that is right to the point: "The peace of nations cannot be secured without arms, nor arms without pay, nor pay without taxes." How fortunate that the economy-loving Democrats (when the Republicans are in) have to lay the taxes for preparedness! Uncle Joe has a note of commiseration in his voice as he contemplates their difficulties. His vote is at their disposal—patriotism before partisanship for Danville—only there is the distressing disagreement between McAdoo and Kitchin as to the condition of the Treasury, which is quite beyond his powers of composing. There was a time, to be sure, when Congress voted $50,000,000 for defence in a lump, and the Treasury stood it without a quiver, but that was long ago. McKinley was in the White House, and McKinley was a Republican, wasn't he? That explains a lot.

The appointments of Philadelphia's new Mayor have created a certain amount of excitement in Philadelphia. Named as a harmony candidate to avert the renewal of the hostilities between Penrose and McNichol on one side, and the Vare brothers on the other, which had much to do with the defeat of the Republican candidate when Blankenburg was elected, Smith has not divided the offices equally between these factions, but has given almost every one of them to followers of the Vares. So startling is this action that McNichol is at the pains of issuing a statement, which opens: "Responsibility for naming the Cabinet, of course, rested entirely with the Mayor. The manner in which the appointees conduct themselves in their official capacity, and the service they render to the public, will demonstrate, in a large measure, the wisdom of such selections." A Hughes might have said as much and nobody would have been doubtful of what he meant, but in the mouth of a McNichol the words require interpretation. If people regard them as constituting a declaration of armed neutrality, such a construction is only a tribute to the definiteness with which McNichol has made his political philosophy understood.

The hopefulness of the Far West stands vindicated in the triumphant closing of the Panama-Pacific Exposition on Saturday with a balance in its treasury of $2,000,000. The dark predictions made when one foreign Government after another refused to exhibit, and when the war cut off visitors from abroad, are all riddled. But it is not the financial success of the Exposition in which the Pacific Coast will take most pride. That success was made possible only by unprecedented contributions of public money in California itself, reaching a sum of $22,000,000, or nearly half the cost of the Fair. The Exposition has scored in drawing an attendance of nearly 18,000,000, figures which represent a flood of Eastern and Middle Western visitors who would never otherwise have made the transcontinental trip. And those in charge of the Exposition may, above all, take pride in reflecting that in its architectural and artistic achievement it stands quite alone. Few expositions have had its harmony of color, sky-line, and general design, and none has had its richness. If its "profit" of $2,000,000 is not to be redistributed among generous guarantors, it is to be hoped that it can be used to give permanence to one or two of the more noteworthy buildings.

Fifty years of devoted and successful work in a single field received appropriate tribute when the golden jubilee of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young's service in the public school system of Chicago was celebrated a day or two ago. Mrs. Young retires this week from the superintendency of the Chicago schools. That her relinquishment of the post is not due to advancing age, or any failure of her powers, is indicated in a remark contained in her response to the speeches of congratulation and gratitude: "When any person is put in a place of responsibility, and that person finds he cannot carry on his work peacefully, it is time for him to drop out. That is just what I have done." It is matter for regret that Mrs. Young, like so many other school superintendents of ability and personal force in our cities, should have had to contend against opposition arising in manifold ways in the School Board; but in spite of this drawback she can look back upon her term as head of her city's schools with the consciousness of solid achievement. A notable feature of the speeches is the testimony they bear to the affection she inspired among the teachers; a thing that is by no means an invariable accompaniment of excellent work on the part of a Superintendent of Schools. One tribute to her general qualifications is specially worth quoting:

> I have seen within a few weeks two sets of resolutions, drafted by separate bodies, suggesting to the board the type of an educator who should be selected for the superintendency, and, consciously or unconsciously, both sets of resolutions perfectly described Mrs. Young.

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THE MESSAGE.

No one can read President Wilson's message to Congress without feeling that into some parts of it he put a great deal of heart, while in other portions he is rather cold and perfunctory. If we were to judge by fervor of expression, we should say that the subjects which most deeply interest the President are peace, liberty, justice, the rights of man, the independence of nations, pride in America. In his proposals for increasing our military strength, he displays no warmth. It is rather as a disagreeable necessity, to his mind, that they seem to be put forward. Perhaps, at this point his pen was hampered by remembering his message of a year ago. Then he was for refraining from doing anything which might show that "we had been thrown off our balance by a war with which we have nothing to do." There spoke the instinctive Wilson, undoubtedly. In now accepting the plans of the War and Navy Departments for enlargement of our military power, he is doing something alien to his characteristic impulse.

For the change of attitude he gives no reason. Indeed, he takes pains to say: "I have had in my mind no thought of any immediate or particular danger arising out of our relations with other nations. We are at peace with all the nations of the world, and there is reason to hope that no question in controversy between this and other Governments will lead to any serious breach of amicable relations, grave as some differences of attitude and policy have been and may yet turn out to be." But the facts cry out louder than such words. The real cause of the President's change—if not of heart—of policy is not hidden. There has arisen in this country a marked uneasiness about our national defences. It was daily increasing in intensity. It was threatening to get into politics. It was about to be made the basis of a violent attack upon the Administration. Then the President decided to put himself at the head of the movement for preparedness. Except for the apprehensions growing out of the European war, but for the party manœuvring for position that was going on, it is highly improbable that he would have changed front. He quotes one of the declarations of the Virginia Bill of Rights of 1776. His natural inclination would have been to quote another—namely, that a standing army is "dangerous to liberty." But political exigencies have forced him to do what is visibly distasteful to him.

Where he writes *con amore* and with moving phrase is, first of all, in the opening paragraphs of his message. In them he dwells with great satisfaction upon the way in which disrupted Europe has been confronted by the united Americas. The war has torn Europe asunder; it has drawn the American republics closer together than ever before. The President makes apt use of Canning's famous saying, in pointing out how the union of the countries of the new world in works of peace and international justice may redress, in part, the balance of the war-stricken old world. And in what he says of the gradual disappearance of the dread of a dominating United States, formerly pervasive in the lands to the south of us, and of the new spirit of forbearance and helpfulness in which each of the republics of this hemisphere is to be left by the others to work out its own destinies, there is both truth and eloquence. The President is not at all sure that his Mexican policy will be successful. But come what may, he declares that the United States will not "coerce" Mexico. Here again speaks the Woodrow Wilson whom his countrymen have known.

The other passage in which he displays the greatest earnestness, and even passion, is that dealing with the plots and crimes of aliens in the United States since the war began. Here he writes with sincere and deep feeling and, indeed, with an amount of energy and heat which implies that the Government is in possession of a great deal more evidence of these dastardly offences than the public has been aware of. When the President of the United States uses such definite and burning words, the facts must be blacker than any of us knew. On this subject, Congress cannot be deaf to his urgent appeals. If the laws need strengthening against the men whom Mr. Wilson calls "creatures of passion, disloyalty, and anarchy," strengthened they ought at once to be. When the President asserts that there is proof of plots to destroy property and of conspiracies against the Government—all in order to "serve interests alien to our own"—the country will back him up in the demand that "the hand of our power" should close over the guilty men.

The message is longer than President Wilson's wont, and more disconnected. He seeks, it is true, to find a unifying principle in natural preparedness, or, as he prefers to call it, "efficiency." It is a bounteous word. It fits all questions. It embraces all pet notions. It covers a multitude of taxes. Mr. Wilson stretches it to include the bill for Government shipping which, he says, will again be pressed, though in a "modified" form. About that we shall know what to think when we see it. But the main thing is that the President goes over to the theory, which he rejected a year ago, that powerful armaments are the best assurance of peace.

A VOICE OF REASON.

Americans will read with peculiar pleasure Viscount Bryce's recent words in the House of Lords. A swashbuckling peer, the Earl of Portsmouth, had called upon the Government to get rid of all the "rubbish" of the Declaration of London and prize-court law, to "sweep away all judicial niceties," and fall back on "the old sea laws of our ancestors" which gave them victory. To this, Lord Lansdowne, for the Ministry, made proper though moderate objection, but it was left for Lord Bryce to speak as a man of truly international mind. He contended that even in the heat and strain of a terrible war Great Britain could not afford to ignore the rights of neutrals. In this war England had come forward as the champion of international right and the defender of international law, and with what face could she now offer despite to either? It was impossible for the British to make of their own will and their own necessities the standard of belligerent action. "The plea of necessity," said Viscount Bryce, "had led to most atrocious crimes"; and it was not for England to resort to it to excuse even minor offences against neutral nations.

Now, in fact, almost all that has been said by the English press and English public men, in the way of comment upon the American note of protest against British practices on the sea, has sounded exactly this note of national necessity. It has not been put in the blunt German way, but the spirit of it is the same. "No doubt," said Sir Edward Carson, lately Attorney-General, the contentions of the American Government are "sound in law," but couldn't Americans see that England was fighting for her life? He seemed sublimely unaware that this was exactly the defence set up by Germans for the murder of non-combatant women and children on the Lusitania. Of course, there is a plain moral difference between seizing a cargo of meat illegally, and sending a thousand innocent people to the bottom of the ocean; but the justification of "necessity" is no better in one case than the other. Naturally, the English editors seek to place a humane gloss on their own violations of international law. They speak of the fight of the Allies being for liberty and security for the whole world, and ask plaintively how Americans can give

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any importance to legal irregularities in the process. And often they simply fall back on the sheer assertion that Great Britain cannot be blamed for resorting to any measures needful in her struggle for existence. Here, for example, is an extract from the leading editorial of the London *Times* on the American note:

> Behind all the arguments, which are mostly captious and sometimes inconsistent, against the exercise of our "so-called blockade"—occasionally confused with our action to check contraband—there does, however, lie one broad principle. It is that while the Allies are fighting for their lives, and for all that they and America hold most sacred, the United States possess a "general right to enjoy their international trade free from unusual and arbitrary limitations." This is in effect a claim that they shall enjoy exemption from the inevitable consequences of a great maritime war.

Names and dates changed, this might have come last May from the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*.

Lord Bryce, on the contrary, has a vision which pierces beyond present exigencies. He looks forward to the time when England may herself be standing up for neutral rights. More than that, he sees the need which will exist after this war of restoring the shattered fabric of international law. In this forward-looking attitude Lord Lansdowne also placed himself. A great many things would have to be submitted to international congresses after the war. Even "the freedom of the seas," said Lord Lansdowne, is a subject which the nations could profitably discuss, and regarding which they might see fit to formulate new rules. On this particular matter there has been an enormous amount of foolish and confusing talk. Most of it has come from Germany. The clear distinctions which we must bear in mind are (1) that in time of peace the freedom of the seas is already absolute; and (2) that in time of war the only changes which can be sought are in the direction of defining contraband and extending immunity to private property at sea. To read some German effusions, one would think that it was all a question of forbidding blockades in time of war, and of permitting the German fleet to overcome its "geographical handicap," and to be free from attack until after it had sailed out of the North Sea!

These follies will pass with time. So will the notion that this war has forever destroyed the sanctions of international law, and that the world will be governed hereafter only by brute force. A man like Lord Bryce, looking before and after, is under no such delusion. He foresees law and order after the present ravaging. And in helping to prepare men's minds for restoration after all the destruction, voices of reason like his cannot too often make themselves heard.

AUSTRIA'S FUTURE.

Servia, for the time being, has virtually been erased from the map; and the murder of the Austrian heir-apparent at Sarajevo has been avenged—by August von Mackensen, Prussian Field-Marshal. This fact is significant for the future of Austria in Europe, no matter what the terms of peace may be at the European congress. It is not an isolated fact. It is only another item in the account which records German success and Austrian failure in the war on land. Austria's breakdown has been all along the line. To wage a successful war, as we understand war to-day, a nation must satisfy three requirements. The managers of its diplomacy must see to it that the nation enters the war under the most favorable circumstances, with a maximum of allies, with a minimum of enemies. When hostilities are under way it must naturally have generals and armies that can win battles. When a swift decision by trial of arms has become impossible, the managers of its internal affairs must organize the nation for a state of economic siege. To the extent that these three requirements are met the nation may hope for ultimate victory.

In all three requirements the Hapsburg monarchy has been found wanting. The press speaks of the recent Cabinet crisis in Austria as the first instance of its kind since the beginning of the war. People seem to have forgotten the departure of Count von Berchtold, the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister at the beginning of the war, who so managed affairs after Sarajevo as to convince the outside world that Servia was hounded into war. Failure Number 2 for Berchtold was the entrance of Italy on the side of the Allies. He left office and was succeeded by Baron Burian, a Hungarian and friend of Count Tisza. The rise of the latter to his present dominant position in the affairs of the monarchy has had its good effect, but the needs of the situation have not been met for the monarchy as a whole. Of the breakdown of Austrian generalship and organization for war we need not speak in detail. Hungary was saved from invasion by the intervention of the German armies. The victorious campaign against Russia was a German campaign. The Austrian armies were more than "braced" by German aid. They passed virtually under the command of the German General Staff. In Galicia the fact may not have been so striking. There the Austrian campaign was part of a general Teuton movement and German direction may have appeared natural enough. But when a Prussian field-marshal takes command on the Danube, the tutelage of the Austrian armies is established. Finally, we have the Cabinet crisis of last week. The men assigned to the economic organization of the monarchy have been inefficient; and William II's presence at Vienna entitles us to assume that here, too, Germany has begun to take charge.

What will be the state of mind at Berlin with regard to Austria, after the war? If the outcome is defeat for the Teutons, there will be a strong inclination to blame the Austrian weak brother. If the result is a bare victory or an inconclusive peace, the state of mind at Berlin will be different in degree, but the same in kind. At best Berlin cannot but regret that the resources of Austria should have failed to be utilized completely through lack of organization and leadership. What could not Prussian system do with fifty million Hapsburg subjects worked to their full capacity! What Germany has done for the armies of Japan, what she has done for Turkey in two years after a disastrous war, what she has succeeded in doing for the Austrian armies under the very stress of war, she could improve upon infinitely during a long stretch of peace. Looking forward to the next war, the German Government, and perhaps the German people, will feel that a just compensation for the responsibilities entailed by the necessity of fighting Austria's quarrels must be greater opportunities for Germany in making Austria prepared. Since, for foreign affairs, the two monarchies are virtually one, the demand will arise in Germany that every part of Austria shall be made as efficient for the general purpose as the Slavs of Posen and Silesia, the Danes of Schleswig-Holstein, the people of Alsace-Lorraine, have been made efficient under German control.

The German Empire has grown through war and commercial union. What the Zollverein began, Königgrätz and Sedan completed. We find the same forces operating to-day as regards Austria. Already there is very serious consideration of a customs union between the two monarchies after the war. Austrians are admitting that their own economic system stands in need of a heavy infusion of German methods. Austrians speak of their industrial system as antiquated and inefficient. The natural inclination to go to school in Germany must be accentuated by the close intermixture of economic and

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financial relations which the war has produced. There is good reason to suppose that Germany has been playing the banker to Austria in very much the same way, though not to the same extent, that England has served the Allies. Thus the end of the war will find Austria's economic system strongly "braced" by German resources even as her armies have been "braced" by German troops and German leadership. Who shall say that this community of interests may not pass into a unity of interest, and that a Central Confederation may not repeat the history of the North German Confederation of 1866?

The obstacles are formidable, to be sure. No state gives up its identity willingly. There is the problem of Hungary. Magyar self-consciousness has thrived during the war, and Budapest's ambitions, directed to domination within the Hapsburg monarchy, will surely balk at the prospect of playing satellite to an enormous Germanic majority. There are minor problems of considerable magnitude. It has been said that Germany does not want the Austrian Germans because it would make the whole empire Catholic. But such considerations must take their chances against the enormous gain to German power that would follow an actual union between the two monarchies.

THE JOYS OF INDEPENDENCE.

In his memorial address on Charles Francis Adams, before the Massachusetts Historical Society, Senator Lodge gave the gratifying information that Adams left an autobiography. One's appetite for that did not need to be whetted in advance, but Mr. Lodge read some suggestive extracts. One of them related to Mr. Adams's estimate of his own career. Written in his old age, it was full of mingled humor and sagacity. He thought his life fortunate in that he had achieved as much as he did, despite his conscious limitations. Then follows this characteristic and interesting self-judgment:

> I have, perhaps, accomplished nothing considerable compared with what my three immediate ancestors accomplished; but, on the other hand, I have done some things better than they ever did; and, what is more and most of all, I have had a much better time in life—got more enjoyment out of it. In this respect I would not change with any of them.

This was unquestionably sincere, as regards Mr. Adams's own feeling about the matter; and it is a close approach to the truth, as regards the facts of history. Despite the abilities and the public services of the three Adamses in his direct line of descent, it cannot be denied that his nature seems to have been freer and richer. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, the elder Charles Francis Adams—the names suggest intensity, indeed, but also a certain austerity; surely not the happy play of a broad-ranging intellect. Of the three, John Quincy had the more expansive temperament, we suppose; yet in his Diary we find many astonishing or perverse literary judgments. For example, he thought there was "something strange" in Shakespeare's diction, which would be considered "very affected now"—*i. e.*, in 1829. Yet a true gleam of his grandson was given in his opinion, at the time Harvard conferred its LL.D. upon Andrew Jackson: "Time-serving and sycophancy are qualities of all learned and scientific institutions." All told, however, there can be no doubt that Charles Francis Adams was correct in believing that he had had a much better time in his life than any of his famous ancestors.

The reasons are not hidden. They lie partly in Mr. Adams's natural endowment; partly in his environment and opportunity; but most of all in his general intellectual and moral outlook upon the world. And in this his marked independence was the most striking element. He insisted upon thinking for himself. He was not afraid to act by himself. The conventions of his time he was always testing. Critical analysis of comfortable doctrines and of established institutions was his practice and delight. He was a great one to stir up the animals. But he never displayed a merely wanton spirit of mischief-making. If he shocked staid people, it was because he wanted to make them open their eyes to the truth. If he tilted at accepted political beliefs, it was from a desire to see something better accepted in their place. Throughout, he was consistent in applying an independent judgment. And looking back upon it all at the end of his days, he found that he had got a durable satisfaction out of it. The insistent reformer had really had a jolly time.

To be reminded that there are such joys of independence is not a bad thing in an age when that quality is in demand. We often have the other thing pictured to us—the strong man who works easily in harness and keeps to the beaten road and is content to wear blinders and comes out at the end rich in troops of admiring friends and applauding constituents and a grateful country. Those are solid rewards, indubitably. They may give a very keen pleasure to the man to whom they come. Yet even in him there must occasionally be a longing for a less fettered life, even if it must be less successful, outwardly. Lord Eldon had steadily played the Tory game all his life, and won very high stakes, yet in his old age he said: "Hang me, but if I had to begin life over again, I would do it as an agitator." It is possible that he meant something of the Adams temper, and had a glimpse of the great comfort to be had from letting the intellect work freely on every subject, from forming opinions in one's own head and fearlessly avowing them. Even upon hide-bound partisans dawns at times a sense of the feeling of gay adventure and chivalrous quest which true independents in politics can alone enjoy to the full. It was a rich old crusted conservative who once said regretfully to a free-lance: "What a pleasure it must be to you to be able to tell Mr. ——— to go to the devil!"

We are not saying that the independent reformer's life is all cakes and ale. He has to renounce many things. Preferment does not often come his way. A man who is so constitutionally and by choice "other-minded" as Charles Francis Adams must not deceive himself into imagining that his fellows will ever rise up and elect him to high office. Others must have the offices; he may have the power. The children of this world are wiser than the children of light in what concerns getting on in the world. Verily, they receive their reward. But so does the Adams type. He went through life no sour-visaged anchorite. His interest in the human pageant was constant and immense. He knew what George Eliot meant by the "laughter of the intellect"; and it seldom failed him as he studied and witnessed the follies of mankind. The great point is that he enjoyed himself hugely as he went along, and that he felt, when the night was drawing in about him, that he had got a lot of fun out of the happy day.

CITIES AND PUBLIC ART.

Some of the views expressed by Paul Bartlett in his recent address before the National Academy of Arts and Letters on the American "mania" for portrait sculpture may be open to question. An example is his belief that America is not only overloaded with objects of art, but is paying too much for them. But on his central thesis there will hardly be disagreement. An incident in Boston, where he spoke, illustrates its force. He discussed the prevalence of "trousered enormities" in most American cities, and condemned the public taste that not only tolerated them, but encouraged artists in

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their production. He objected to the memorial instinct that makes a great civic ceremonial out of the unveiling of these lapidary tributes, since it helps to rob the community of courage to rid itself of an atrocity. In Boston they are discussing the ethics of removing the unsatisfactory Saint-Gaudens statue of Phillips Brooks. The city has always disliked it both as inartistic and as giving too ecclesiastical a stamp to Brooks. This dissatisfaction has now borne fruit in a statue by Bela Pratt, which certain citizens wish to see supplant that in Copley Square. This same artistic and moral problem many cities must yet face.

The clearing-away that must be undertaken, in the interest of a beautiful and unified civic art, Mr. Bartlett does well to emphasize. For years we have been passing through a happy-go-lucky period, in which it was possible for any millionaire to offer a box to his city, with the assurance that it enclosed an attractive statue, and have it accepted with gratitude. This hugger-mugger day is now passing; even gift statues are looked in the mouth. It is now usual to call in competent juries before investing large sums in proposed statuary. But the older way has left its legacies that, as Mr. Bartlett suggested, would shock most European visitors. Europe, to be sure, has her own blunders; several years ago a discussion in Washington of the means of removing undesirable statuary from that city elicited from Bryce the opinion that, badly off as Washington was, she had to yield the palm in this regard to London. But one of our mistakes Europe has seldom made—the mistake of raising statues to all sorts of obscure men in a temporary access of local patriotism, without thought of how they would look to coming generations. It is well for a community to give atmosphere to its history by honoring the prominent few connected with its development, even when only of local note. But there are too many statues where there should be only tablets, and too many where there should be nothing. Who is the Baldwin, the Caldwell, the Dodge, the Drexel, with which Philadelphia, for example, begins her list of statues? Thackeray regretted the memorials to dukes and princes in London which jostled those of great warriors, statesmen, and poets, but the former were nevertheless nationally known.

The first thing is to sound a note of caution in the grant of permanent sites for what should at once be a piece of art and a reminder of true eminence. In weighing eligibility, we must remember that reputation is precarious and that horizons shift and standards change. A growing number of cities are reaching the conclusion that the best arbiter is not popular acclaim, but the decision of a jury of laymen, officials, and artists. Such a jury may also be of the greatest value in the general oversight of buildings, parks, roadways, fountains, and squares. Of city Art Commissions the country now has fourteen, with two State Art Commissioners, and a National Fine Arts Commission which is exerting a wide influence. Yet this is a small number. We have only to reflect that nearly two-score cities have "city-planning commissions" to see how slow the parallel movement has been. State juries must necessarily be merely advisory, but the work of the municipal juries, as New York city's active Commission has demonstrated, may reach the very widest scope. In this city the ten members have a jurisdiction that extends to all works of art acquired by the city by purchase or gift; to the removal, relocation, or alteration of any work of art; to designs for public or private structures erected upon public land; and to the lines and grades of all public ways and grounds. Over 200 proposals are submitted to this body yearly. There should be a similar commission in every city of the first class. Meanwhile, it would be well if the country could shake off the unthinking enthusiasm for decoration that has disfigured so many localities with bad taste.

Reform in civic art ought to spread with a contagion proportionate to our modern facilities for travel and for diffusing information. No man who has seen a good example of the work of MacMonnies, Saint-Gaudens, Bitter, or French is likely to have anything but contempt for the soldiers' and sailors' monuments that are eyesores in towns East and West. A city that can adorn itself modestly and tastefully should inspire others to emulation. Yet it is not because of ignorance, but of indifference, that even the largest centres continue in the old rut. Their citizens know the difference between good statuary and bad, just as they know the difference between well-parked and unkempt streets, artistic and ugly public buildings. The problem of dissipating this indifference is one for every sort of public-spirited agency in a municipality to attack. Probably the creation of unofficial art commissions would often lead to action clothing them with official power. And whenever the tide is turned, the opportunity ought to be used to make a clean sweep of past errors as well as to procure new works of art.

Foreign Correspondence

FABIAN CRITICISM OF THE GOVERNMENT—MRS. PANKHURST—THE AMERICAN ATTITUDE.

By JAMES F. MUIRHEAD.

LONDON, November 23.

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb have filed so large a claim on the gratitude and esteem of their fellow-countrymen by their prodigious achievements in the field of economics, trade unionism, coöperation, and the problems of modern industry generally, that one feels something of a qualm in venturing to protest against one side, at least, of their present position. The suggestion that Mrs. Sidney Webb should be made our Minister of Labor, with Mr. Webb as her private secretary, may have been humorous in form, but was certainly in essence more than an empty compliment. A series of interesting lectures, under the auspices of the Fabian Society, is now being delivered by Mrs. Webb, Mr. Webb, and another gentleman who, in respect of his present position in the hearts of his countrymen, may be left nameless. Mrs. Webb's subject last Tuesday was "The War and the Demand for the Servile State."

No report of this lecture has yet appeared, but the impression it produced on three at least of its hearers was that Mrs. Webb took an impossibly intransigent attitude towards the war measures of the British Cabinet. We are all ready to agree that there are faults in some of these measures; we admit that our Cabinet Ministers were not gifted with such superhuman prescience as to realize precisely how they were going to work in every detail. More than one practical confession has been made of this fact by later Ministerial action, and (*e. g.*) an amending bill to the Munitions act has already been promised. But it roused a feeling akin to despair to find Mrs. Webb (if we did not misunderstand her) quite unwilling to recognize any good intention in these faulty measures, and convinced that they formed part of a deliberate scheme to reduce England to the condition of a servile state at the close of the war. The nation to her is apparently divided into the two utterly antagonistic camps of the Capitalist and the Workingman, and the sympathy of the Government lies wholly with the former. Now, to the mere man in the street, trusting to his commonsense and not to the erudition of Blue Books, it seems as if the sympathy between the different classes has never, in his experience, been so keen as at present, and that in particular the well-to-do classes have never had so clear-eyed a vision of the brotherhood of man or so vital a desire to share to the full the sacrifices of the moment. It is surely very significant on this point that a Conservative Minister like Mr. Bonar Law could say in the House of Commons: "We are asking the men who go to the trenches to give up everything, not merely their capital, but perhaps their lives, and we have no right whatever to make a demand like that unless we are prepared to take from every man and every class anything that is necessary to carry this war to a successful conclusion."

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Mrs. Pankhurst has been doing such excellent patriotic work since the outbreak of the war, that when an announcement was made that she was to preside at a huge meeting in the Albert Hall on Thursday, November 18, to demand the "loyal and vigorous conduct of the war," some of us immediately made a note of the date and the event with a view to personal "assistance." Shortly before the day of meeting, however, a circular letter from Mrs. Pankhurst was published, from which it appeared that the real object of the assemblage was to pass a resolution protesting against the betrayal of Servia by the British Government, and condemning Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey as "unfit for the great and responsible positions they hold." The Council of the Albert Hall immediately cancelled the meeting, and returned Mrs. Pankhurst's deposit. The manager of the London Pavilion also found himself unable to lend his theatre for the usual weekly meeting of the W. S. P. U. Questions were asked in the House of Commons. Mr. J. Annan Bryce (brother of Lord Bryce), who had been announced as one of the speakers, wrote to the press that he had no idea that the meeting was intended to be one of the nature Mrs. Pankhurst's letter indicated. Miss Carrie Tubb, who was to sing the National Anthem, retired on the same ground. The Navy League, which had taken steps to swell the audience, publicly withdrew its support from the meeting, and advised its members not to attend. The papers also assert that many members of the W. S. P. U consider that Mrs. Pankhurst is exceeding her mandate as president of that society, and are preparing to question her undemocratic control of its policy and funds.

I had the privilege the other day of attending the meeting of a certain society which believes itself to offer a concentrated sample of the wit and wisdom of one of the most important suburban districts of London. The subject for the evening was the attitude of the United States towards the war. I am bound to own that the predominant feeling seemed one of regret and disappointment, though this was tempered by a full meed of understanding and sympathy for the difficulties besetting the path of America in this matter. This, however, was not the only view. The president of the society approved unreservedly of every measure that Mr. Wilson and his advisers have taken since the war began. An M.P. member, though not going quite so far, was distinctly inclined to allow that the patient and waiting attitude of the United States was on the whole likely to prove the best and wisest course for the ultimate peace and civilization of the world. The note that elicited the greatest response was sounded by an eminent K.C., who asked what right we had in such a question to cast a stone at America. We are now reaping the fruits of our own action half a century ago. If Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell had had the courage of their convictions when Germany attacked Denmark in 1864, and had supported their words by deeds, in all human probability the whole course of history might have been changed and Germany might never have been able to disturb the peace of the world as she is doing to-day.

This paved the way to the analogy of the United States and Belgium, and to the hope that our sister nation beyond the Atlantic might never have cause to regret her action as we regret ours, and even that she might now, at the eleventh hour, at least put on record her disapproval of Germany's conduct. Without pronouncing any definite verdict on this reading of history, we may at least find some significance in the fact that this microcosm of educated English opinion showed no spirit of Pharisaism, but instead recognized that, in regretting the present attitude of the United States, we were *ipso facto* assuming the white sheet of penitence for our own misdeeds. If this chastened feeling in regard to our own share of responsibility for this cataclysm is as characteristic as we may hopefully suppose it to be, it is surely of good omen for the attitude of England in the process of peace and reconstruction. Its recognition of the ethical side of international relations can hardly be regarded as hypocritical, since it involves a confession of our own blameworthiness.

THE TUG OF WAR—FRENCH EXPERTS' VIEW.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, November 20.

In France, it is commonly felt that the tug of war—the last strain, in which it is hoped the sinews of Germany will give way—is just beginning. Now this is a "wearing-out war"—*guerre d'usure*—like our four years' Civil War, as Gaston Roupnel has just explained at length. Why do the French think the Allies' sinews of war will outstand the German, this year, and next if needs be, and yet another?

The old metaphor has changed with the old order of war. In this last strain, triple sinews must tug and hold out to the end—men, munitions, and money. Not one must give way. Why does a premature English song hum now less boastingly, more confidently, through the French consciousness?

> We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too!

Only to ships have now to be added guns and ammunition, big and little, and these England had scarcely at all in the beginning, and France has had none too much until now. Russia's disasters from sheer lack of munitions are still on every man's tongue. All have had money—among the Allies.

Gen. Cousin has tried to reason out the French faith in their men—"effectives"—soldiers fit for duty. He takes it that Germany and Austria are each able to mobilize eleven per cent. of the population; and that Turkey in Europe and Asia may call out seven per cent., and Bulgaria the same. This gives a grand total of men who have been or may be called to arms by what we may well call for short—*major pars trahit ad se minorem*—Germany: 14,262,999 (percentages of this census are not in round numbers).

Suppose that Russia mobilizes five per cent. of her population (150,000,000) and Great Britain five per cent. of her home population (45,000,000—the census of 1913 said exactly 46,184,500) and receives 400,000 soldiers from her colonies; that France calls into the field ten per cent. of her population, with 100,000 men from her colonies; Italy ten per cent.; Belgium three per cent.; Servia seven per cent.—and ten per cent. for Montenegro; then the Allies have a total of 18,052,000 fighting men. This gives the Allies an advantage of 3,789,000 soldiers.

Of course, in the long run, there is much to give and take. Mere losses—killed, wounded, prisoners—in any calculation will not lessen greatly this advantage in favor of the Allies. Suppose, however, that Russia in Poland has lost more than her proportion, and count an extra 500,000 to her detriment. We shall still have 3,289,000 excess of men on the Allies' side. On the other hand, the number of men that can be drawn from the colonies is certainly underestimated, at least for France. So far the experiment has been successful beyond all expectation. There is no reason why it should not be repeated several times over if the war drags on—to the number of 700,000 good dark warriors, some say. Certainly, Arabs and Kabyles, Moroccans and Senegalese have quitted themselves like men so far; and this brotherhood of arms will have yet further-reaching consequences with the coming of peace—which is better.

Again, if universal combustion keeps up, Russia can draw on the five per cent. left at home in the French general's calculation—7,500,000 more. And any that now seem neutrals and later gravitate to Germany may ultimately have Japanese to face. In sum, when Germany and her satellite nations have used up their last man, the Allies will still have more than 3,000,000 men left. And, by the 1st of June, 1916—which is a more easily imaginable date—the Allied Powers will still have 3,000,000 soldiers in reserve, while Germany will have—what?

Little is to be added to the known story of munitions during this war. The question has been threshed out in the press of all countries. It is known that Great Britain's producing capacity at the beginning was, perhaps, 600 shells a day, while 1,000,000 is short rations along the single French front where fighting has been going on lately. France was better off and long had to help the others, but was not above the safe limit of defence. These nations had not Germany's forty years' preparation. Now serious "drives" have been made, and soon neither guns nor ammunition, big and little, will be wanting to the Allies for their "great offensive." Whether, in the long run, there will be the same inequality in munitions of war as in men in favor of the Allies may depend in part on the effectiveness of the Allies' blockade of Germany—but not entirely. Here, too, the human superiority counts as much as the abundance of material—and the French are confident that, with all the problematic help from Turkey, the wearing out of Germany will go on apace.

It must be the same for the provisions to keep the human machines going. In all that concerns food, it is not only their free commerce of the seas which tells in favor of the Allies. Americans have not noticed sufficiently what her own intensive agriculture is doing for France in the way of supplies to the army and civil population. Senator Méline, who did most for such agriculture years ago, is the new Minister for this. Under this heading, no calculation of time could be even approximate, for the human factor of endurance of privations would upset all calculations as it is doing with the Servians. But it is certain that time will favor accumulatively the Allies.

As to money, the general idea is that Germany is forced to indulge more and more in paper promises to pay, while the Allies have,

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to say the least, their credit on a gold basis. I can only point in passing to the self-sufficiency in gold which the French people have been showing all along, pouring their hoarded gold by hundreds of millions of dollars into the Bank of France so soon as their country appealed and without need of any exercise of pressure, taking up from the start successive short loans—and now the first long loan which France has put out since war began, after sixteen months. So the French did after the war in 1871, when Thiers, who knew his people, said, "Everybody will want it!"

This is the sum of Finance Minister Ribot's speech which he made to Parliament a week ago, and which to-day is posted up in every commune of France:

I appeal to all, to the rich as to the poor, to the lowly as to the powerful. Let them all come and seal the unity of the French nation in the face of danger and prepare to-morrow's victory! Let the army of French savings rise up! Like that which fights, it is the army of France, or rather it is France herself. It is that which shall help us to combat and to conquer!

From the 1st of November, 1914, to the 31st of October, 1915, Minister Ribot said, Frenchmen have given to Government more than twelve milliards of francs ($2,400,000,000)—twice and a half the war indemnity which Germany exacted from them in 1871—and gasped at its speedy payment. This last month of October alone, the French Treasury received from citizens of the Republic—in money—1,097,000,000 francs! Of the twenty-*six milliards paid out in all by France since* the first day of war, only four ($800,000,000) went to foreign creditors for all purchases of the army and civil population. All the rest has been spent in France, and it is in no wise a war loss.

This is the remark of Edmond Théry, who knows figures and finance professionally, and Senator Clemenceau has put it in plain words: "I ask of my fellow-citizens only to forget, for a time, that a righteous calculation of profit may turn in their favor and to rise *even while losing nothing (just the contrary)* to the height of a disinterested act!"

By next June, we shall see whether here, too, there is not a definitive superiority of the Allies, of whom France is a great part.

ITALIAN LITERATURE AS AFFECTED BY THE WAR.

By MICHELE RICCIARDI.

FLORENCE, November 10.

A telegram published in the papers says that Gabriele d'Annunzio, after having taken part in several aerial raids, during which the enemy's camp was bombarded, is now ill at Venice because of excessive fatigue. This telegram indicates clearly how literary and artistic manifestations in Italy are now absorbed by the war. The greatest, or rather the most widely known, of modern Italian writers is transformed into a military aviator. The others, if unable to participate personally in warlike enterprise, speak or write of the war or for the war. A great orator, who is one of our most eminent men of letters, the Deputy Fradelletto, of Venice, is delivering admirable lectures in all the larger cities of Italy on the subject of the causes and aims of our war; the writers of philosophy and of criticism, in their reviews and in the course of their daily life, are fain to pronounce judgments and carry on polemics—for instance, Benedetto Croce.

Certain novelists and story-writers have become chroniclers of the war for the great newspapers. The publishing firm of Treves, the most important of its kind for literary productions, is now entirely taken up with publications of works of historical, military, and journalistic propaganda about the war. It has published lately, among other less works, the discourse pronounced by Gabriele d'Annunzio in favor of Italy's intervention, and two volumes of Luigi Barzini, who is the strongest and most gifted chronicler and reporter of the war among our colleagues. There is no place at present for the other authors habitually preferred by the house of Treves.

The poets are in most part silent, the older as well as the younger. Here and there the poets of the people improvise patriotic hymns, but these are dispersed in air, and do not reach print. Notwithstanding the fact that the war against Austria has its roots deeply planted in the soul of Italy, it has not as yet found its great poet.

Some writers of comedy announce new works, but it will be difficult for them to find dramatic companies to act them. A few have succeeded lately, in Rome, in getting their last works acted, but they have found an indifferent public and severe critics. Almost all of the companies prefer to act dramas, even if they are old, which have a certain affinity with the conditions of the *public spirit. The real comic troupes—as if* the public required a little repose by means of a laugh—have better luck for the moment; but the country of Goldoni has not many writers of comedy, and the few that there are almost all write in dialect, Venetian or Napolitan, for the most part.

In short, the scant literary production that exists is almost exclusively journalistic, and limited to chronicles of the war. The rest is almost all silence. The same may be said of painting and sculpture, and apparently also of music.

Some persons in Italy have wondered whether this enforced repose is of advantage, or not, to our literary production. As for me, I believe it will be useful. The most recent tendency of Italian literature has been somewhat idealistic, although in no precise way, and the form has been prevalently that of the spoken language. The *Marzocco*—a literary journal of Florence—is the organ of those young men who represent this movement. Thus, we were separating ourselves more and more from pure d'Annunzianism, which was good, vigorous classicism for us, although he had engrafted upon it a not always happy imitation of Nietzsche. To us, d'Annunzio appears a vigorous continuer of the classic school, which boasts two great writers, Leopardi, derived from the Greek, and Carducci, derived essentially from the Latin, and a contemporary of our own.

D'Annunzio has been followed by a swarm of imitators, who, without reaching the perfection of the literary form of their master, were gradually suffocating literary production in empty-sounding words, and in certain intellectual crookednesses, which were intended to be refined, but were in fact only corrupt and corrupting. On this account, precisely, the attempt of the young writers of the *Marzocco*—with Orvieto and Corradini at their head—already marked out another path, although in some of them there still continued a certain preciosity of style, and in all of them there appeared a vague and undetermined idealistic tendency, always easily distinguished from the false spiritual tendency of d'Annunzio, in the period of his sojourn in France. To the honor of these young men, let it be remembered that they have given new vigor to the effort of Manzoni towards rendering the written speech more agile, by refreshing it at the sources of the spoken tongue.

Italian owes this difference between the spoken and written word first to its direct descent from the Latin, and next to the renewed and prodigious classic effort of the Renaissance. It owes, moreover, to the great memories of the past the influence which classicism has exercised, and still exercises, over our thinkers and writers. The Italy of to-day has the right to live not only upon classic memories. A mode of thinking purely and uniformly Italian, that is of the whole nation, has been in formation. The attempt of the *Marzocco*, therefore, aimed in the right direction, except that the vague, idealistic tendency of the young men was rather irritating æstheticism than a clear and true school of the new Italian thought.

And it is for this reason that the period of rest imposed by the war upon Italian men of letters will do no harm. It may even be said that it is positively helpful in another sense. Our chief novel writers, such as Verga, Capuana, De Roberto, *Matilde Serao*, all were more or less under the influence of French literature; some of them were influenced by Zola, others by Dumas, others again by Bourget; the youngest were influenced by Hervé and by the Parisian writers of before the war. In the same way, some thinkers, critics, professors, that is, the entire world of the University, were under the influence of German philosophers and scientific men. It is difficult to say whether the novel, understood as it is to-day, can ever be a perfect Italian product. Our great models of ancient times are, in fiction, Ludovico Ariosto and Giovanni Boccaccio. The historical novel has had no great good fortune, notwithstanding the "Promessi Sposi" of Alessandro Manzoni. At all events, the true Italian romance is still to be written. In spite of the great value of the romances of Gabriele d'Annunzio, I think nobody will desire to maintain that his are true Italian romances.

If we can doubt whether the Italians have the aptitude for emulating the French, English, and Russian in the production of novels, nobody can doubt that they have an excellent aptitude, entirely original and their own, for philosophy, criticism, and scientific research. The revolution which the war has produced in the national spirit will be sufficient to make it understood how little the servile imitation of the French novelists responds to the Italian character and nature; and, moreover, how much the humanity of our thought differs from German thought, such as is prevalent even in their greatest philosophers.

The young men who have first adventured into new paths after the war will find other and more vast and concrete fields of observation, and will be able to render more perfect fruit, for the reason that they have already attained, in the several arts, a very remarkable technical perfection.

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How Germany Is Governed

DEMOCRATIC THEORY NULLIFIED BY AUTOCRATIC PRACTICE.

By GEORGE M. PRIEST.

Recent months have called forth many queries and many opinions concerning the German system of government. The queries spring in part from a spontaneous, unprejudiced desire for information, in part from a confusion worse confounded by the divergence of opinions that have been expressed, by the conflict of two assertions, apparently irreconcilable, that Germany enjoys a democratic form of government and that it is ruled by the iron hand of an autocrat. In view of present conditions, it may be well to reëxamine the chief factors in German government—German suffrage, the rights and the power of the Reichstag, of the Bundesrat, and of the Emperor—and thus at once to offer useful information to the inquiring and to reconcile the conflict of divergent opinions. We shall see that this conflict has arisen, chiefly, because the authors of the one or the other assertion have considered only the theory or only the practice of German government. For it can be proved, like a problem in mathematics, that in theory the German Imperial Constitution grants the principle, and affords the means, of representative popular government, but that in practice Germany to-day is virtually an absolute monarchy.

I.

Suffrage in Germany is of two kinds, national and state. The people of Prussia, for example, use one system of suffrage in electing their representatives in the Prussian legislature and another in electing members of the national popular assembly, the Reichstag. Only German, or national, suffrage concerns us here.

Between 1867 and 1871 the states of Germany were divided into 397 electoral districts equal in population and in their representation in the Reichstag; each district contained 100,000 inhabitants, and each received the right to elect one representative. At the same time, it was established that the representatives of all districts should be elected by the direct universal suffrage and secret ballot of male citizens over twenty-five years of age. Thus, German suffrage was not restricted by any qualification of property or education, and such restrictions have never been placed upon it. The principle which underlies it is extremely liberal. But in the course of time the value and power of the individual vote have fallen or risen according to shifting conditions within the electoral districts. These districts are still equal in their representation in the Reichstag—each still elects one representative—but the principle of one representative to every 100,000 inhabitants obtains no longer, because the boundaries of the electoral districts have never been altered and the population of many districts has increased or decreased enormously. Urban districts have grown, and, owing chiefly to removals from the country to the city, many rural districts have lost thousands of their former inhabitants. Neither increase nor decrease has affected representation in the Reichstag. Berlin's population has risen since 1867 from 600,000 to well over 2,000,000, but Berlin still elects only six representatives. A Berlin district, once of 100,000, now of 697,000, inhabitants, has only one representative in the Reichstag; another (rural) district, once of 100,000, now of 59,000, inhabitants, also has one. A vote in the Berlin district has less than one-eleventh of the power which a vote in the other district enjoys. Discrepancies like this exist in various parts of the Empire.

When champions of German suffrage assert that Germany enjoys a democratic type of suffrage, they see only the principle, theoretically employed, of universal suffrage without the property or educational qualifications laid down in other countries. In practice German suffrage is not democratic in the sense of "equal for all" so long as the value of the vote varies as we have seen. Indeed, while the electoral districts remain unchanged, the German system grows less and less democratic, because the relative power of the few who continue to live in the waning rural districts is increasing constantly.

By means of this suffrage the German people elect their 397 representatives in the Reichstag, or "Imperial Parliament," for a term of five years; these representatives form the one body in German government which represents and expresses the popular will. The Reichstag enjoys in theory various rights of possible importance which it either fails to, or cannot, exercise with effect. It has a right to initiate legislation, but in actual practice it almost never does. It has a right to ask the Government for reports, but no means of enforcing compliance with its request. It has a right to express its opinion on the management of affairs, but it cannot compel a consideration of its opinion, because it has no control over those in power. The Emperor rules by right of heredity, liable to no processes of law for any offence, and he appoints and dismisses, solely in accordance with his own volition, the Imperial Chancellor and the other chief Imperial officers; ministerial responsibility to the people through the popular assembly does not exist in Germany. Thus these rights of the Reichstag have no practical value.

But the Reichstag does possess rights of fundamental importance. Its consent is necessary to all loans, to all treaties which involve legislation, and to the budget. The Reichstag must give its consent before any bill can become law. In theory, therefore, the representatives of the people can make themselves masters of any situation. They can formulate a bill to suit their own tastes and force the adoption of their bill by refusing meanwhile to consider any other proposals. The German people, through their representatives in the Reichstag, have it in their power to dictate any and all legislation in the German Empire. The idea of popular sovereignty is to this extent a corporate part of the German Constitution.

On the other hand, if the Reichstag refuses to pass a bill proposed by the Government, the Bundesrat and the Emperor, on mutual agreement, may dissolve the Reichstag and order new elections on the chance of obtaining a more amenable assembly. If the newly elected Reichstag should also prove rebellious, it, too, may be dissolved, and so on indefinitely; there is no constitutional limit to the number of possible dissolutions. But an amenable assembly has always been chosen after a single crisis of this kind. The Reichstag was dissolved in 1878, 1887, 1893, and 1906, and after each dissolution a new assembly was elected which passed the bill that wrecked its predecessor. Thus the theory of popular sovereignty has repeatedly broken down in German practice.

Since the German people can, through the Reichstag, control all Imperial legislation, the people themselves are responsible for their government. If they do not exercise control, if in practice they reject the opportunity of self-government granted to them by the German Constitution, they force us to draw striking conclusions concerning them. In the first place, they prefer to trust the wisdom of a few who compose the Government rather than to trust their own collective wisdom. They affirm in this way their satisfaction with, and their belief in, a form of government which concentrates power in the hands of a few; over these few, as we shall see, the people have no direct control whatever. Above all, in voting to accept the will of a few rather than to assert and accomplish their own will, the German people make manifest that they prefer to be governed rather than to govern themselves.

II.

The Bundesrat, or "Federal Council," differs from the Reichstag in many respects. The Reichstag, arising from the people and chosen directly by the people, is the German concession to the idea of popular sovereignty. The Bundesrat preserves the monarchical principle, though in a modified form. The Bundesrat is composed of representatives, not of the people nor of the state legislatures, but of the rulers of the various German states; that is, in twenty-two of the twenty-six states, of an hereditary monarch; in Alsace-Lorraine, of the Imperial Viceroy, who is appointed by the German Emperor; in the Imperial free cities, Bremen, Hamburg, and Lübeck, of the Senate, which is elected directly or indirectly by the people. Each of these rulers appoints to the Bundesrat a certain number of representatives in accordance with pro-

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visions of the Imperial Constitution, and each ruler gives his representatives exact instructions as to how they are to vote on every question that is to come up in the Bundesrat. As each ruler naturally gives the same instructions to all his representatives, the votes of each state are cast as a unit; the Imperial Constitution further insures this method of procedure by requiring each state to vote thus. The Bundesrat represents, or personifies, as it were, in an assembly, the whole body of German rulers.

If a proposal is laid before the Bundesrat on a subject not included in the instructions, the representatives must refer the subject to the rulers of their states and must await further instructions before they cast their votes. It is inconceivable that a representative should ever vote contrary to his instructions because, in the first place, his office, which depends in every feature of its tenure entirely upon the will of his ruler, would in such case be terminated immediately, and, secondly, because the Imperial Constitution requires that a representative shall vote as he has been instructed. The actual voting members of the Bundesrat are, therefore, diplomats, not Senators in the American sense. They form in theory a body which in the usual meaning of the words is not a debating or a deliberating assembly. Nor is it such in practice. The German world hears occasionally of lively discussions in the Bundesrat, but there is no reason to think that members of the Bundesrat have ever expressed themselves, much less voted, contrary to the instructions previously given by the rulers of their states. In short, to all intents and purposes the Bundesrat merely registers the will of the German rulers individually and collectively.

The Bundesrat and the Reichstag differ from each other not only in their origins; they differ also, and even more strikingly, in the relative powers of the two bodies. The Reichstag is only a legislative body, while the Bundesrat exercises legislative, executive, and judicial functions. Furthermore, even in the making of laws the power vested in the Bundesrat surpasses that given to the Reichstag. Each body has the right to initiate legislation, but whatever the source of a bill may be, the last act in its adoption as law is the approval of it by the Bundesrat. Thus, if a bill arises in the Bundesrat, it is discussed first by that body and, if approved, is then laid before the Reichstag. If the popular assembly also approves it, the bill must, even if no change has been made in it, be referred back to the Bundesrat and formally passed again by that body. In consequence of this provision of the Imperial Constitution, members of the Reichstag hardly ever initiate legislation, because it is obviously futile for them to discuss a bill before they know the opinion of the Bundesrat. In effect and practice the Bundesrat makes law with the assent of the Reichstag. If we remember the attitude of the German people towards legislation in the critical dissolutions of the Reichstag, it is hardly going too far to say that German laws as they are finally shaped are not the work and the will of the German people through their representatives in the Reichstag, but that they are the work and the will of the rulers of the German states through their representatives in the Bundesrat.

The relative power of these rulers in the Bundesrat varies greatly, unlike the dual representation of the States in the American Senate. The Bundesrat does not represent a federation of states of equal power, but a confederated state with its power distributed very unequally. Prussia has 17 votes, Bavaria 6, Saxony and Württemberg 4 each, Baden, Hesse, and Alsace-Lorraine 3 each, Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin 2 each, and all the other seventeen states one each—26 states and 61 votes in all. This allotment of votes is based, with two exceptions, on the number of votes allotted to the individual states in the Diet of the German Confederation which came to an end in 1866. In that Diet Bavaria had only four votes, but she demanded and received two more when she joined the new Empire. Prussia, too, had formerly only four votes; but Prussia absorbed six states which opposed her in the Austro-Prussian War of 1866, and when it came to the formation of a new Germany, Prussia added to her original four votes all the votes which the absorbed states had had. In this way she obtained the seventeen votes in the Bundesrat which the Imperial Constitution afterwards confirmed to her. This advantage in number of votes as compared with the number of votes of the other states can be justified on the ground of Prussia's population and extent of territory as compared with those of the other States. Both in area and in population Prussia includes, roughly, two-thirds of the whole Empire. In the Bundesrat, however, she controls less than one-third of the votes. The other states seem to have felt an injustice in this disparity between Prussia's strength in the Empire and her strength in the Bundesrat. They, therefore, made her various concessions.

III.

How majorities are obtained, how bills are passed or defeated in the Bundesrat, is, strictly speaking, a matter of conjecture. Only the results of the meetings of this assembly are published, not the proceedings; the public hears of the proceedings only by the chance loquacity of some member. But we can estimate the influence of the states in the Bundesrat with dependable results.

Germans often dismiss very briefly the assertion that Prussia controls the Bundesrat. They dismiss it on the ground that Prussia has only seventeen votes, that seventeen is still a long way from a majority, and, since the states are independent, Prussia cannot control their votes. On the other hand, Prussia has seventeen votes, and seventeen states have one vote each. Prussia's power alone, therefore, equals the combined power of all these seventeen states. Further, as Prussia has so many more votes than her nearest rivals—Bavaria six, Saxony and Württemberg four each, Baden three (and Hesse three)—Prussia alone is equal to a combination of those four states whose number of votes most closely approximates her own.

But, as has been said, seventeen does not constitute a majority of the votes in the Bundesrat. And how can majorities be obtained? In the answer to this question, the votes in the Bundesrat may be counted as fifty-eight, as the three votes of Alsace-Lorraine cannot be counted, according to the Imperial Constitution, if they give Prussia a majority of any bill under discussion; and we are concerned here first with the means by which Prussia can effect a majority that counts. For this thirty votes are necessary on nearly all measures. In assembling a majority, Prussia starts out with her original seventeen and with the one vote of the principality of Waldeck, which she has controlled, by private agreement, since 1868. If, in addition to these eighteen, Prussia can obtain the six votes of Bavaria, the four of Saxony or of Württemberg, and the two of Brunswick or of Mecklenburg-Schwerin—that is, the support of only three other states—she has her majority. These are, of course, the most favorable conditions numerically for a majority for Prussia, as they involve the support of those states which, next to Prussia, cast the largest number of votes. The least favorable conditions for a Prussian majority are those in which Prussia has to procure the support of twelve states with one vote each. That Prussia can, and does, almost always obtain somewhere the support necessary to a majority is easy to understand. For she can exert tremendous pressure. For example, Prussia can urge the needs of her two-thirds of the area and population of the Empire as compared with those of the one-third composing all the remainder of Germany. Prussia can also employ the moral weight of many imponderables—among others, her own surpassing record of achievements in German history, the omnipresent German sense of obligation to Prussia for the establishment of the Empire, and the economic and industrial prosperity due primarily to Prussian initiative and Prussian efficiency. With such instruments as these, she can rarely have serious difficulty in obtaining the support, at worst, of twelve of the tiny principalities situated in central and northern Germany.

If Prussia be opposed to a bill, not fewer than twelve states—Bavaria with 6 votes, Saxony and Württemberg with 4 each, Baden, Hesse, and Alsace-Lorraine with 3 each, Brunswick and Mecklenburg-Schwerin with 2 each, and four states with one vote each—must unite in order to procure a majority against her. That is, twelve states must unite even when they include those states which, next to Prussia, have the largest number of votes in the Bundesrat. In the least favorable case—when the combination includes those states with the smallest number of votes

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twenty-one of the twenty-six states must unite against Prussia in order to defeat her. Prussia has been wary of defeat in the Bundesrat. She has refrained from introducing bills liable to serious opposition, as a defeat on a fundamental question of policy would surely bring on a crisis imperilling the loyalty of other states to Prussian leadership, and thus the very structure of the Empire. At the same time it is exceedingly difficult to form a combination of even twelve states against Prussia, because the fear of Prussian domination is at least balanced by the jealousy among smaller states. An effective combination has on occasions been formed, and Prussia has been defeated in the Bundesrat. She was defeated in 1876 and 1879 on two railway bills, and in 1878 the Bundesrat voted to place the Imperial Court of Appeals in Leipzig instead of in Berlin, as Prussia wished. But since 1879 the defeat of Prussia in the Bundesrat has certainly happened very rarely. Indeed, it is generally understood in Germany that other states propose legislation to Prussia first, informally, and if she favors the proposal, they leave it to her to push the bill through.

It has been stated in a preceding paragraph that the other states made concessions to Prussia in order to atone for the disparity between her minority of votes in the Bundesrat and her majority of population and area in the Empire. The concessions thus made convey rights of prime importance. In the first place, Prussia alone can preserve the Constitution intact, as only fourteen votes in the negative are sufficient to prevent any change. Secondly, no change can be made in the regulations concerning the army, the navy, customs duties, or excises if Prussia objects. Then, Prussia casts the deciding vote in case of a tie in the Bundesrat, and Prussia appoints the chairmen of all the standing committees on affairs within the Empire. In this way Prussia has virtually the powers of a dictator in German Imperial affairs; and these powers and rights are inalienable. They are Prussia's by the Constitution of the Empire, and nothing short of a revolution and the overthrow of the Constitution can wrest them from her. Spokesmen of Prussia, defending and applauding her exercise of all her constitutional rights, have often declared, as Bethmann-Hollweg in January, 1914, declared, that Prussia will never relinquish any power vested in her by the present Constitution.

IV.

The theoretical power vested in the Reichstag as an agent of the people and in the Bundesrat as a composite organ of the rulers of all the German states breaks down, as we have seen, in practice. Theory and practice in the government of the German Empire are one in the power vested in, and exercised by, Prussia. And who, in this case, is Prussia? The King. For, in accordance with the constitutional provision regarding the composition of the Bundesrat, the King of Prussia appoints and instructs all the seventeen men who compose the Prussian delegation, and he makes sure that they vote as they have been instructed. The King of Prussia controls the Prussian delegation; this delegation, though theoretically held in check by the delegations from other states, does in practice control the Bundesrat; the Bundesrat, though theoretically held in check by the Reichstag, does in practice make the laws and control the policy of the German Empire. The King of Prussia, therefore, in effect and practice dominates and controls the whole body of the German people. He is the ultimate seat of power in Germany. This is the preëminent fact concerning German government.

The German Emperor as such has very little power except in time of war. In time of peace he controls military and foreign matters, but, with the exception of a few executive officers, nothing else. The Bundesrat's consent is necessary to decrees issuing from the Emperor, such as the declaration of war or the dissolution of the Reichstag. The Emperor has no legislative or judicial powers, and, without any veto power, he must, in so far as he is qualified, execute any law which is passed. The German Emperor as such has much less power than the President of the United States. The common conception of him as a ruler of unlimited power in theory and in practice is, therefore, wrong.

The misconception of the Emperor's power arises very easily because the two offices of German Emperor and King of Prussia are, and according to the Imperial Constitution must be, always held by one and the same man. It is the double rôle which this one man plays that makes his part in the German Government so perplexing to people outside of Germany. To the foreign observer he changes from one rôle to the other, according to occasion, with magical rapidity. For example, as Emperor William II he has a bill drawn up by the Imperial Chancellor, but as Emperor he has no initiative in legislation. He therefore turns now into the King of Prussia, and as King he introduces the bill into the Bundesrat through the man who is at once Imperial Chancellor, Prime Minister of Prussia, and the presiding officer of the Bundesrat. Also as King William he instructs his delegates to the Bundesrat how to vote. When the bill has been passed by the Bundesrat, it is laid before the Reichstag in the name of the Emperor. On its return from the Reichstag, the King of Prussia directs what amendments are to be accepted by the Prussian delegation in the Bundesrat. When the bill has finally become law, the Emperor promulgates it. In such a case as this William has changed his rôle four times, but the part he has played as Emperor has been of little moment. He has converted his bill into law as King of Prussia.

The two offices of German Emperor and King of Prussia are inseparable. The Imperial dignity follows *ipso jure* the Prussian crown, so that apart from the Prussian crown the function of Emperor does not exist. There is no law of Imperial succession apart from the Prussian law which regulates the tenure of the Prussian throne. Only he who wears the crown of Prussia can acquire or lay down or perform the function of the Imperial dignity. In legal terms the Imperial dignity is an *accessorium* of the Prussian crown. If a regency were appointed in Prussia, the regent would be *ipso facto* German Emperor.

One more question may arise in the mind of the reader. Since so much power attaches to the office of King of Prussia, whence does a man who occupies that office derive his right to it? He derives his right solely through heredity. The crown of Prussia descends in the house of Hohenzollern by the succession of the first-born male. This is the one and only law which determines who shall be King of Prussia. The Prussian people had nothing to do with the origin of this law, any more than they had to do with the Prussian Constitution, which was not acquired by the people of Prussia, but was a grant conferred by an hereditary King from the house of Hohenzollern. The Prussian people have never had, and they have not now, any voice in determining who shall be their ruler.

The conclusion is inevitable. In theory the German system of government concedes the idea of democratic representative government in regard both to suffrage and to the power vested in the Reichstag. In practice the German system preserves the monarchical concentration of power in the hands of one man. Germany is to-day, in effect, an absolute monarchy.

Poetry

MEDITATIONS ON A BOOK CATALOGUE.

By EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

I.

"Steele (R'd), 'A Discourse on Old Age, tending to the Instruction, Comfort, and Caution of Aged Persons,' 12mo, calf (cracked) (1688), 4s."

'Twould have been like you, Dick, to have a try
At just such a preposterous homily.
For if ('twas in your twenties, still, I think)
In that sad interval 'twixt drink and drink
You penned the Christian Hero,—why not this?
How could your editors the item miss?
But dates forbid. The thing could not have been.
Not even you could do it at sixteen!
——Ah, Dick, forgive me! How should I forget
That little scene, imperishably set
Amid the Tatler's ironies—the boy
Calling "Papa" and beating with his toy
Upon a coffin-lid—while she who bore him,
She of the "noble spirit," sorrowed o'er him?
Perchance that father—he was Richard too—
Had left the manuscript, and, mayhap, you

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With boyish eagerness "saw through the press"
This volume *in memoriam*, no less.

II.

"Spooner (Shearjashub), 'Guide to Sound Teeth,' 12mo, N. Y. (1836), 2s."

O Shearjashub Spooner—what a name!
Thou hadst deserved a better thing of fame
Than to have written such a "Guide" as this.
But there are compensations; for, I wis,
A man must needs keep sound teeth till he's gray
To utter Shearjashub day by day.

III.

"Wilcox (Ella Wheeler), 'Poems,' bound in limp lamb skin, 8vo, (N. D.), 6s."

That binding is a lovesome thing, God wot,
Which, in its sweet sincerity, doth plot
The soul for us, the very quality
Of what within its tegument may be.

Notes from Two Capitals

LORD HALDANE AND WINSTON CHURCHILL.

By SIR HENRY LUCY.

LONDON, November 20.

It is a striking coincidence of which history will take note, probably not without sharp comment, that the two men who, one at the head of the army, the other the First Lord of the Admiralty, did more than any other to avert peril from the Empire at the outset of the war, have during its progress been shelved. Lord Haldane's national service is chiefly recognized in connection with the creation of a territorial army. That apart, his services at the War Office were invaluable. The deplorable condition of the Department when the Boer War opened stands revealed in evidence given before the South African Committee. When, with something more of suddenness, Germany threw off the mask and embroiled the nations in war, it was found possible in a marvellously short time to mobilize and transport across the Channel the nucleus of an army fully equipped.

Only those in constant attendance at the House of Commons during the seven sessions when Lord Haldane was at the War Office can fully realize the difficulties that beset him in the accomplishment of his task. Daily at Question Time he was beset with questions designed to belittle the scheme—guerrilla warfare, supplemented, whenever occasion might be utilized, by organized attack in debate. It is probable that, failing assistance from a high quarter, even a man of Lord Haldane's courage and determination might have been beaten, and the territorial forces which have made so splendid a record at the front would to-day be non-existent. The late King, with the far-seeing view of a born and trained statesman, early recognized the value of the scheme. At a time when, owing to the Parliamentary opposition alluded to, it seemed destined to failure, his Majesty summoned the Lords Lieutenant of the Counties to Buckingham Palace, and personally enlisted their sympathy and assistance. After that it was comparatively unruffled progress, and when, three years after Lord Haldane quitted the War Office, the bugle signalled war, a trained body of citizen soldiers was ready to proceed to the front.

That on the reconstruction of the Ministry last spring the man who had rendered this superb service to his country should be left out of the Cabinet was in anticipation of the actual event unthinkable. The causes underlying the situation are nebulous. Lord Haldane's dismissal was due to clamor raised in the same quarter that succeeded in ousting Prince Louis of Battenberg from the Admiralty. Upon what basis of specific fact clamor rested is, like the birth of Jeames, "wropt in myst'ry." The most likely suggestions are that Lord Haldane was familiar with the German tongue and its literature, and that Göttingen University shared with Edinburgh the credit of his education. Also, in common with other colleagues in Liberal and Conservative Cabinets, he enjoyed the personal acquaintance of the Kaiser. These reasons seem scarcely adequate for the occasion. None more substantial have been alleged or can be suggested.

What Lord Haldane did for the land forces Mr. Winston Churchill accomplished for the navy. It is true he was more fortunate in taking over a department which for some years had profited by the advantage of the administration of so capable a head as Mr. McKenna, whose public service at this stage of his varied Ministerial career has not received due measure of recognition. Mr. Churchill, coming fresh to the Admiralty, inspired it with renewed vigor. His master stroke, conceived and put into execution twenty-four hours before the actual declaration of war, had a controlling and abiding influence upon its progress. The circumstances attendant upon the *coup de main* exceed the trained fancy of the naval novelist. In the early days of August in last year war with Germany, in spite of pacific protest from Berlin repeated up to the last moment, seemed imminent. To mobilize the fleet would have been regarded as a provocative act, hastening declaration of hostilities. But since King George expressed a desire to review it, a ceremony by no means unusual at this period of the year, there could be no harm in ranging it in full force in familiar waters at Spithead.

His Majesty duly steamed along the far-reaching lines of battleships. Hardly had he returned to the shore and seated himself in the special train taking him back to London before the mighty fleet departed for a destination unknown save to the Admiral in command. When on the 4th of August Great Britain, outraged by the Kaiser's treachery to Belgium, declared war on Germany, lo! the mighty fleet was discovered alert in the North Sea. This paralyzing blow afforded opportunity for flying squadrons of the British fleet to patrol the seas, sweep from them every enemy cruiser, and reëstablish trade routes in a state of security little less complete than that enjoyed while the world was at peace.

The brilliance of these tactics and their success had the natural effect of eclipsing other well-planned, promptly executed doings at the Admiralty under the personal initiative and direction of the late First Lord. Of such was the commandeering of the three battleships building in British yards for Turkey. Had that step not been taken, not only would the British navy have lacked an important increase of strength, but with Turkey submitting to the vassalage of the Kaiser these powerful engines of warfare would have made a marked difference to the cause of the Allies in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. It happened only this week, on the eve of Mr. Churchill's departure for the front, that disclosure was accidentally made of another conspicuous personal service. This was the creation and establishment of squadrons of armored cars, which, according to the testimony of Lieutenant-Commander Wedgewood, M.P., have been of invaluable service wherever fighting has been going on. So appreciative and grateful were the officers of the Armored Car Squadrons that on Tuesday they gathered in one of the committee rooms at the House of Commons and presented to Mr. Churchill a portrait of himself.

For the time the brilliant political career of Lord Randolph Churchill's son is interrupted, as was that of the father, by a sudden, unexpected resignation of Cabinet rank. Like the Malbrouck sometimes identified with his famous ancestor, Winston *s'en-va-t-en guerre*. Animated by the traditional spirit of the marine, ready to go anywhere and do anything, he realizes Kipling's ideal of "soldier and sailor, too." He may confidently be depended upon to distinguish himself in the field as he has done in the forum. But his severance from political life can be only temporary, and nothing that has happened this week or during the past four years will hamper his progress to fresh triumphs.

JOHN WORTH KERN.

A reëlection to a post of command in which one has worked hard to do his duty is always a pleasing compliment; and the choice by the Democratic Senators of John Worth Kern, of Indiana, to be their floor leader again in the new Congress, is perhaps something more than that, because his coming responsibilities threaten to exceed greatly in seriousness any with which he has ever wrestled hitherto, and the vote means that his fellow Senators do not regard this tawny graybeard of sixty-six as too much of an antique to be trusted in so trying a situation. Mr. Kern, it must be remembered, is one of the few survivors of a school of Middle Western politicians who flourished tumultuously twenty-five years ago, but passed into the shadows about the time the Democratic party broke in two under the weight of Bryan's first candidacy. He is very proud of his association in the popular mind with the giants to whom he used to look up with reverential awe, like Hendricks and McDonald, Voorhees and Turpie, who spent a generation wrangling over such questions as State rights, Southern elections, the payment of the public debt in paper, the increase of the Civil War pension-rolls, and the like—texts which would always set the Demosthenoid oratory of the Mississippi valley swirling and roaring through the halls of Congress with all the energy of the Mother of Waters herself. How much more of a chance for fame those old fellows had in dealing with their

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problems than the statesmen of this generation, who have to meet the crises of the hour without waiting for exhaustive debate, and in whose counsels precedent and tradition enjoy only a mockery of respect!

The post of floor leader must tax the patience of a man like Kern, who, it may be recalled, delivered a Chautauqua address in the midst of an exciting political campaign a few years ago, urging the American people to get together, rather than divide, on essential doctrines of government; for it is part of the accepted make-up of a floor leader that he shall be one-sided and one-eyed, and quite incapable of discerning the slightest merit in anything the Opposition puts forth. Moreover, under existing conditions in Washington a floor leader is assumed to be a mouthpiece of the Administration, and President Wilson has a habit occasionally of declaring what shall be a test of Democratic orthodoxy in lawmaking, as well as in broader fields. Mr. Kern, on the other hand, has gone on record with the demand that Congress be left to make the laws without any sort of executive interference—a constriction which would have ruled out half the important activities of our Presidents during the last dozen years.

Kern's lack of enthusiasm about preparedness, in contrast with the disposition of so many of his fellow-partisans to tumble over each other in getting into the vanguard of the movement, is regarded by many of his friends as temperamental rather than the result of conviction. The habit of his life shows in other things. As a maker as well as a minder of the laws, he knew perfectly well, on the 31st of last December, that he would be expected to turn in to the Collector of Internal Revenue, within the next two months, an account of his income for the year then closing, or submit to a penalty for his neglect; yet it was not till the last hours of February were ticking themselves out that, being accidentally reminded, while in bed, of the close approach of the penalty day, he jumped out, drew on his clothes as if the fire-alarm had sounded, made a rush for his office to fill out a blank, and hunt up a neighboring notary to take his affidavit to his return, and by dint of all this hurry got the precious paper into the last mail that would reach the Collector on the first of March. The incident serves to show that, though he may prefer to postpone a disagreeable duty, he does not hesitate to jam it through when the inevitable hour is about to strike. Doubtless, he reasons that the nation is capable of doing the same thing.

Kern is of pioneer stock, and spent the bulk of his youth without knowing what a railway train looked like. He earned his first dollar doing janitor's work in the country schoolhouse where he was a pupil. He had a fight with tuberculosis in his own system, and conquered. He has had all sorts of adventures in politics, including some signal victories over the Taggart crew in his home party, though he has occasionally found himself in factional companionship which he did not warmly relish. By way of illustrating how this may sometimes happen to a man, he tells a story of "Dan" Voorhees, who, while campaigning during the days shortly following the Civil War, was often met with the taunt that all Indiana Democrats were Copperheads. This charge he was resenting one day in a district which had been particularly notorious for its nest of secession sympathizers. "Why," he exclaimed, with a dramatic show of indignation, "half the men who went into the Union army from this county were Democrats!" And pointing his arm, with the index finger outstretched, straight at a group of his hearers whom he happened to know as having served their term in the blue, he demanded in his most impressive manner: "Isn't that true, my friends?" "Yes," growled the foremost of the group, "it's true. Gol darn 'em, they drafted us!" TATTLER.

Correspondence.

A PROTEST.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It must make the judicious grieve to see the dignified *Nation* feature in its correspondence a communication of so intemperate speech as that by Mr. F. W. Harman in the issue for November 4. How shall the nations ever return to sanity if the journals which should guide and inform the most enlightened neutral opinion open their columns, and thus implicitly lend their sanction, to such extravagant and fire-eating talk as this? Such articles will never convince, they can but infuriate those who are of contrary mind; while they merely inflame to higher passion those who are already hostile to Germany.

But I wish to address myself particularly to one assertion, namely, that the sinking of the Lusitania is no more horrible "than the poisoning of springs in a desert country." I presume the reference is to the charge that Germans poisoned the wells in South Africa. This charge has been repeatedly made, but never substantiated by any trustworthy evidence; while it is on its face extremely improbable, if not absurd, as the following consideration should show:

(1.) It is well known, as the Germans found to their cost, that many of the African wells contain injurious water (cf. Frenssen, "Peter Moors Fahrt nach Südwest," passim).

(2.) Wells are often particularly subjected to pollution in an arid country, since they serve as gathering points for the wounded and the dying.

(3.) The native African has not the white man's sensitiveness on the subject of poison: is it inconceivable that some blacks might have poisoned a well?

(4.) The German officers and soldiers are fully as humane as the English; friends of Germany reject such a charge just as unhesitatingly as would the English a similar charge against an Englishman. And if the accusation be proved against a man of English birth, they would say—and with justice—that it was absurd to allege so dastardly a crime as a typical outgrowth of English character. Yet it is in precisely this way that the suspicion of well-poisoning is being used against Germany.

Germans have been deservedly condemned for their intemperate hatred of England; but is Mr. Harman's letter anything but a cry of hate? B. Q. MORGAN.

University of Wisconsin, November 14.

[If Mr. Harman's views are to be imputed to the *Nation* because it published his letter, it should by the same token be credited with the unfounded assertions of certain German sympathizers whose letters have appeared in these columns. In the present crisis we have deemed it right to give space even to extreme ideas, provided they appear to be representative of a considerable body of citizens. As for Mr. Harman's reference to poisoned springs in South Africa, that rests, of course, upon Gen. Botha's official statement.—ED. THE NATION.]

NOBEL PRIZE-WINNERS IN AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your very just observations on the conferring of the Nobel prize on Prof. Theodore William Richards you put your finger on a sore point when you state that "America does not produce so many Nobel prize-winners that the man thus singled out might not be supposed to have first reached a considerable popular reputation." America has so far produced *two* such prize-winners, for I omit the peace prizes, which have gone to two of our prominent politicians, and are conferred by a different body. The Stockholm Academy of Sciences does not award the Nobel prizes to newspaper wizards, nor by vote of newspaper readers. How many such readers had ever heard the name of Michelson when he received the first prize? And how many will have heard the name of the next one? How many had ever heard the name of Henry A. Rowland, or of Simon Newcomb, or of George William Hill, and how many papers published notices of their deaths? A few years ago one of the Paris popular papers took a vote of its readers as to who was the greatest Frenchman. I have not the results before me at present, but I remember that Napoleon came in eighth, and that the first choice was Pasteur. Well up on the list was Poincaré, not the President of the republic, but his cousin, the great mathematician, whose work was Greek to the voters, but whose reputation was a household word. And yet we pride ourselves on our education, and we spend untold sums on our colleges.

An interesting discussion has recently been held at Harvard on the subject of what students talk about at table, with somewhat discouraging conclusions. I should like to extend this to cover the question what American men in general talk about. Many times, having attended dinners of college clubs, only to be entertained with lectures by Walter this and Big Bill that on the manœuvres of football, and having complained that college graduates should submit to such subjects, I have been informed that athletics is the only common subject of interest to all sorts of college men. If this is true, I think it time that our colleges were closed and that the few desiring an education go to Europe to get it, for the colleges are a portentous and unnecessary expense.

I wish to call attention to the vastly greater interest in the conversation of educated men in any European country than in that of the same class here, and to point out the fact that any sensational statement of a pseudo-scientific nature made in our papers, no matter how absurd, will be eagerly swallowed by the great majority of readers, as is evidenced by the success of President Jordan's hoax perpetrated a few years ago under the title of "The Astral Camera Club of Alcalde."

Nobel prizes will come when the *milieu* of

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American life is more propitious for the pursuit of abstract science, and when the public learns the difference between scientific research and commercial invention.

ARTHUR GORDON WEBSTER.

Worcester, Mass., November 21.

A BOMBARDMENT OF UNFORTIFIED BRAINS—OR THE EVILS OF "UNPREPAREDNESS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Perhaps the following statements will not be believed in the East, where the West—particularly the Middle West—is generally looked upon as "up and coming," alive to what is going on in the world. Perhaps I paint too dark a picture—but it is the picture that I see.

It all began in a section of freshman English—an average class of freshmen in a mid-Western State university. We were, at the moment, reading Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." Hellespont suggested Gallipoli, and I asked the class—it was quite a chance shot—where Gallipoli was. To my surprise, no one knew. I wrote the word on the blackboard, and was amazed when the class confessed that not one had ever seen the word before!

Within the next twenty-six hours I had met three other sections of freshmen, and had placed "Gallipoli" before them, with the same result. A more advanced course yielded two men who had never heard the name—one of them was on the staff of the university daily paper.

To find out how much the freshmen knew—or did not know—about the war, I set them the following simple examination paper:

"What is the capital of Bulgaria? What countries bound Servia? In what country is Salonica? On what sea is Montenegro?

"Who is in command of the French armies? Who is Prime Minister of England?

"Who are Bethmann-Hollweg, Poincaré, Venizelos, Briand, von Hindenburg, French, Grey, Viviani?

"Name the rulers of the following countries, giving their titles (*i. e.*, King, Emperor, etc.): Germany, England, Greece, Servia, Italy, Russia."

Not a hard examination, one might say—yet no student passed a perfect paper. The capital of Bulgaria was variously named, such cities as Budapest, Nish—and Montenegro!—figuring in the list. Servia was bounded by Germany, Turkey, and Russia; by Germany, Austria, and Belgium—in spite of the fact that I had cautioned the students to reply only to the questions of which they knew the answers. Both Mr. Bethmann and Mr. Hollweg received positions in the German army; Salonica was situated in Italy; Montenegro on the Ægean and Black Seas, as well as on the Adriatic; the command of the French armies was given to Jaffrey, Goffre, Jaffe, Joeffre, Goffee, Gaffre, Joffrey, Geffre, and Jaffé; Poincaré was, in turn, Prime Minister of France, a French commander, and the French Ambassador to the United States. Von Hindenburg was named as "Prime Minister of Germany"; Viviani, as "investigator [instigator?] of the war in Italy," commander of the Italian army, Italian Prime Minister, a Russian general, and Queen of Servia! The student who identified Bethmann-Hollweg as German Ambassador to Washington may not have been far wrong.

Venizelos was called a Russian general, a French general, and the Spanish Prime Minister. Several named him Prime Minister of Crete; two called him a French secretary, one a former South American President, and others an Austrian leader and a Mexican general. One man put him in the plural—"Venizelos are the members of the Greek Cabinet who resigned." Briand's versatility was hinted at, for he appeared as President of France, a member of the English Cabinet, and a German leader!

The rulers and titles gave much trouble. England, if one might believe the students, is under the sway of Kings Edward VI, VII, VIII; George II, IV, V, and VI. For some reason, George III was slighted. Italy—according to one girl, who knew but one other ruler, him of Germany—is controlled by the Pope; though, to do the class justice, a surprising number knew King Victor Emmanuel. Some, it is equally surprising to note, knew that Germany was ruled by a Kaiser, but did not indicate his name. It is not so remarkable that many supposed the Prime Minister of England to be Lloyd-George, Churchill, or "Lord Kitchen."

"The capital of Bulgaria," wrote one honest youth, "is not known to me. I am totally ignorant of what countries bound Servia. My lack of knowledge extends to all the questions." He was not alone.

Another section—which had a slightly different paper—showed weakness in geography. Sofia was variously placed in Rumania, Bulgaria, Servia, Russia—and one student called it "a country in southeastern Europe." Nish appeared more than once in Belgium—and in Germany, Greece, and Poland, as well; Gallipoli in Italy, and on "a peninsula between the Black and Caribbean Seas." Triest was in Russia, Germany, and Turkey; Bulgaria had coasts on the Adriatic, Black, and Caspian Seas; Louvain was commonly confused with Lorraine—and one authority described it as "a small country about to enter the war." Bethmann-Hollweg was called the Prime Minister of Russia—and "a small plain in Alsace-Lorraine." Louvain was also confused with the Louvre by him who wrote: "It is a city in France, and is noted for its great art gallery. The Mona Lisa was stolen from this gallery." It is something that a student had ever heard of the Mona Lisa—and knew that it had once been stolen!

Why linger over these wild guesses? We all remember the story of the English woman who asked if New York were not the capital of Philadelphia—and our own knowledge of South American geography is generally of the slightest. We also make mistakes quite as comical (to others) as those of the identifiers of French, one of whom wrote, "French is Col. French, of the English army" (perhaps to be on the safe side); and the other of whom—playing still safer—said: "French are the people from France."

Wherefore this exhibition? The class is willing—nay, eager—to admit its ignorance. "I have no time to read the papers," says one, voicing the state of many. "My university work takes all my time." A girl said: "I don't have time to read war or memorize men's names. The war news is too *horrible* to read." Two more go into the subject at greater length: "Current events is [*sic*] not very interesting to me, for the simple reson [*sic*] that so much of the reading matter is nothing more than a collection of dry facts. This uninteresting data [*sic*] has a tendency to keep me from reading current literature, and, of course, my knowledge of vital topics and worldly progress is kept very far inferior to that of one who does read.

"The library contains many modern magazines, which give the important events of the world's happenings in concentrated form, but the school work is so exacting that one does not have time to spend looking up magazines and read unimportant matter which does not pertain to his life's work.

"Many of our news reports are so unreliable that it is not worth the time spent reading them. My idea is that of reading nothing but absolute facts, and therefore I do not read the newspapers. This fact has also kept me from knowing more about current events." No comment is necessary—the student's position is clear. Yet does not the war "pertain to his life's work" and to the life work of all of us? How great a contrast to the one who held nothing of interest to humanity alien to him! Can this be the result of Vocational Education—just appearing from the High School?

". . . The reason for my ignorance," writes another, "is that knowledge of such facts as are presented in the newspapers and magazines are [*sic*] worse than useless. When the war is over, and matters are cleared up, it will be found that most of these so-called 'facts' are not at all true.

"Nothing could be more confusing than the newspaper accounts as to the causes of the war. Each paper takes a different view, and it is hard to tell which paper shows the greatest ignorance of European history."

Here is a mirror of a mid-Western State university's freshman class on the great war. Men have marvelled that an authoress, keenly alive to her surroundings, should have lived through the stirring days a century ago and left, in her novels, no echo of Napoleon. We marvel more that in this day and age a group of educated youth should feel so little interest in the events which are shaking the world to its foundation. But, having marvelled, we can wonder no longer at the strength of the "peace at any price" party. Why fight—even if we are insulted? That is an unimportant matter, and does not pertain to our life's work.

I wonder how many freshmen—or seniors, either—are aware how near we were to war last summer, and what the trouble was about? X.

"WHILST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may interest your correspondents to know that at the time of the rubber boom in London, in 1910, some of my friends were preparing a prospectus which was to be sent to possible subscribers of shares. After the promoters and their solicitors, auditors, directors, and rubber experts had thoroughly studied the prospectus from every possible angle it was submitted for final revision to a barrister. His changes were chiefly the crossing out of two "whiles" and replacing each by "whilst." For this work he received a fee of fifty guineas and all concerned thought that the fee was well earned. WILLIAM HILLMAN.

Palo Alto, Cal., November 8.

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Literature

A GREAT CHURCHMAN.

Henry Codman Potter, Seventh Bishop of New York. By George Hodges. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50.

Dean Hodges's biography is a fine monument to a churchman of whom his city and country are justly proud. Friends of the Bishop will recognize as not its least service the removal of the mistaken notion entertained by not a few that the subject of it was essentially a publicist and man of the world, who, without strong religious vocation, succeeded in an ecclesiastical career by virtue of abilities and ambitions which would have made him eminent in any sphere. In the face of this book alone, we should say such a notion is no longer tenable. And from his acts, his words, his books, and the whole tenor of his life, it would seem plain that, whatever his faults or frailties, the inspiration of his devoted and laborious career was essentially religious. He owed no divided allegiance. His deepest conviction was a belief in the Christian religion—the spirit of Christ speaking through his church to the soul of man—as the supreme solvent of all human problems.

To the layman with no special ecclesiastical interests the early part of the book is hard going. One is glad to be done with the necessary information as to forebears, remote and immediate, and as to the Bishop's childhood, youth, and young manhood. Nor is there much of significance in the story of the rectorships in Troy and Boston. It is not till the Grace Church period that Dean Hodges really holds his reader. There or thereabouts in the book we begin to realize that we are following the career of an extraordinary man whose abilities and achievements command attention, and with whose personality we would gladly become better acquainted.

In doing full justice to the Bishop's qualities, this frank and loyal biography neither glosses over nor conceals his limitations. These we may note, and at once be done with them. Though Bishop Potter's reading was wide and his mental digestion strong, he was, in the technical sense, no scholar. He was not a profound theologian nor a profound philosopher; nor again was he a great priest, preacher, or devotional writer. For all that the qualities that make a great bishop were his.

Conspicuous among these qualities were an administrative faculty of a high order and a rare faculty for organization. Tact and diplomacy were his, also, in an eminent degree; witness the issue in affectionate relations of the differences between such opposing opposites as the Rev. Dr. Heber Newton and the Rev. Mr. Richie, on the one hand, and their reverend father in God, on the other, as fully recorded in this volume. Patience that could bide its time was one of his virtues; and poise was his, and cool deliberate judgment—trophies these of a victory of character over a temperament by nature hasty and headstrong. Tolerant he was, too, and judicial, dispensing justice with an even hand. His churchmanship was—as the ideal bishop's should be—catholic in the proper sense, or, to use his own favorite word, comprehensive.

Of the three parties in the Church, irreverently labelled "Low and lazy," "Broad and hazy," "High and crazy," it was with the middle group that the Bishop naturally took his place. Officially he would identify himself with none of them, but rejoiced that his ecclesiastical fold could shelter alike the High Churchman suspected of the Romeward list, the good Evangelical, and the Latitudinarian poised upon the ragged edge of heresy. This impartiality, from which the Bishop would not willingly swerve in matters small or great, was simply illustrated in the response to an appeal from a young man who himself now wears the robes, but at the time in question was on the point of study for the ministry. He was hesitating between two divinity schools of different stripes, and earnestly sought the Bishop's advice to solve his problem. "To which school should I go?" was the question, and the Bishop's characteristic reply, "To whichever you please, my son, and God bless you."

Bishop Potter could temporize, even, perhaps, compromise, when he chose, but this was not for the want of resolution or courage. None of his qualities, in fact, won for him more devoted friends than his courage—a courage undaunted by storms from whatever quarter. In the case of Dr. Briggs's reception into the Episcopal fold, it boldly faced powerful foes, High and Low, within the Church. In the case of his support of the Subway Tavern, an experiment with a sort of a sanctified barroom where drinks, hard and soft, were dispensed, and where, as the Bishop stood between bar and lunch-counter, the Doxology was sung and the ill-fated house of refreshment was in a manner consecrated, he exposed himself to the opprobrium poured upon him by Puritans and intemperate temperance advocates. When attending the General Convention in Richmond, he defied social prejudices by inviting a negro bishop to dine with him, glad of the conspicuous opportunity to exemplify his democratic convictions, and undismayed at the teapot cyclone that swirled about that social episode. On another occasion he attacked the spoils system in the presence of a gathering that included, among a group of potent practical politicians whose withers were not unwrung, a President of the United States.

In paying a handsome tribute to such of Bishop Potter's qualities as we have noted, Dean Hodges does not forget certain minor traits and graces of his personality which the story of his life profusely illustrates, and which did much to endear him as a man and to extend his usefulness as an ecclesiastic. As you turn the pages of this book, you recall if you knew him, as you realize if you did not, the fine distinction of his presence; his manners—those of "an ideal prince," his biography justly calls them—his urbanity, suavity, dignity, ease; his mellow and inexhaustible humor; his rare social gifts, and his capacity for social pleasure. He was everywhere at home and everywhere welcome, and loved the company of his fellows, gentle or humble. He was a man of the world in the right sense, and as such, beyond any other of his generation, he interpreted the world to the church and the church to the world.

Before the reader is midway in this book he is sure to have a lively sense of the extraordinary fitness of the man, with his high abilities, trained mind, and disciplined spirit, for his episcopal office, and, if he be an alert reader, he will cast about to discover what, if any, special and distinctive use Bishop Potter was to make of his splendid equipment for the episcopacy. A distinctive use the Bishop did make of it. He realized that religion was no longer content with the fearful business of plucking the individual soul from imminent damnation, nor in the quiet round of parochial ministrations. It was brooding over the vast problems of the modern workaday world, and longing to lend a hand in the solution of them. To this labor the Time Spirit prompted the churches. It was the distinction of Bishop Potter, if we read aright his career and the book that records it, to be in the van of the churchmen of his day who sought to make religion a vital force in the settlement of modern social, economic, and political questions; to penetrate the civil order with the Christian spirit; to infuse a new soul into the social fabric. For such gifts and abilities as his this task called. His genius was for large leadership. In him were the qualities that made the cardinal-ambassador of the Middle Age or the statesman-bishop of England. For all his capacity for great affairs, he still remained essentially the churchman. So conspicuously was this true that, when our metropolitan city, or the nation, waited to hear the voice of religion upon matters of great moment, it was as often as not our bishop, who, as if by common consent, and by virtue of his fraternal catholicity and ripe wisdom, was made the spokesman for all.

This biography is a faithful sketch rather than a speaking portrait with the color and warmth of life. It is not a biography of the detailed and expansive type. From it, however, the subject of the book, as man and bishop, in his public and official capacity, stands forth impressively. To the meaning of his life the author finds the true clue—a clue for the lack of which many an estimate of this many-sided character has gone wide of the mark—and follows it carefully through the more important events of his career. But, in the case of a personality of such rare charm, many would have been grateful for a more intimate and human picture, with a fuller indication of the lights and shades and subtleties that were part

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of a nature far from simple. As it is, it remains to be thankful for an important work, adequate and excellent in its kind.

CURRENT FICTION.

Plashers Mead. By Compton Mackenzie. New York: Harper & Bros.

In speculating upon the nature of the "new novel" in English, Mr. Henry James has found that its distinction from the old novel is chiefly determined by some "possession" or "saturation" of the author, which enables him to deal exhaustively with some confined object or idea: a process which Mr. James calls "squeezing the orange." So Mr. Bennett squeezes his Five Towns, and Mr. Wells his own extraordinary mind, and the younger writers, most of them, the spirit or propaganda of youth. The fault Mr. James finds with their work as a whole is that it does not clearly drive at anything, that it has no distinct meaning unless as a record of impressions or, if you like, facts. "We have had," says our critic, with his usual cumbersome neatness, "on the merest life system, or that of the starkest crudity of the slice, all the entertainment that can come from watching a wayfarer engage with assurance in an alley that we know to have no issue—and from watching for the very sake of the face that he may show us on appearing at its mouth." Just one of these younger novelists, Mr. Compton Mackenzie, is rather hesitatingly suggested as an exception: there are certain signs that, "moved by life, this interesting young novelist is even now uncontrollably on the way to style." Here, if ever, one may fancy Mr. James chuckling, as a good Father might who espied his free-thinking nephew unconsciously heading towards Rome. But the point he wishes to make is doubtless that style is at all events an object, and that the writer who is moved to it by life will not be condemned to blind alleys.

Now, whatever meaning we may attach to the word style, Mr. James quite frankly means by it attention to form, and even to form as phrasing, for its own sake. There is plenty of evidence in "Plashers Mead," as there was in its predecessors, that Mr. Mackenzie is studious in these matters. He is not, like most of his contemporaries, satisfied with extemporizing; he composes: "The snapdragons lolled upon the sun with gold-bloomed anthers, and drank more and still more color until they were drenched beyond the deepest dyes of crimson, extinguishing the paler hues of rose and chrome which yet at moth-time would show like lamps when the others had dulled in the discouragement of twilight." Such a passage represents his pursuit of style at something like its best; but what is there to say of phrases such as "The gong sounded upon the luteous air of evening," to be found on the same page? In the end, the reader is bound to ask what the noise, whether melodious or brusque, is all about. In this instance we can only reply that it is about the same old thing, the thing so dwelt upon in "Carnival" and "Sinister Street"—youth, Oxford youth, whether undergraduate or fledgling just "come down"; such youth, moreover, of a single type, the hypersensitive dilettante, the self-absorbed experimenter with æsthetic and erotic experience. Guy Hazlewood is somewhat more avid and less merely languishing than his friend Michael Fane, but he remains a cub. It will be interesting to see whether in the future, with or without the aid of style, this undoubtedly brilliant performer will ever be able to produce a man. In the Pauline of this tale he has made a woman, though one piteous and frustrate.

The Co-Citizens. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Surely an enemy hath done this. We trust we shall not be doing the author an injustice in describing her book as a peculiarly subtle and underhand attack upon the feminist cause. It is the more effective because Mrs. Harris presents so successful a simulation of sympathy with that cause as to deceive any reader less wary than the present reviewer. Briefly, Mrs. Harris imagines a small community of the South, deplorably man-ridden, in which the large majority of the women are engrossed in such pursuits as housewifery and the bearing and up-bringing of children. On the surface, the women appear to be content with these ignoble avocations, but, as we presently see, and as the male tyrants of Jordantown were finally taught, beneath this apparent acquiescence in servitude there ran a deep current of revolt which only needed a little encouragement to burst its dams and engulf the entire population. The impetus was given by the extraordinary will of the widow of Jordantown's wealthiest citizen. In her death this lady dared to throw off the yoke of masculine domination which she had suffered in meekness throughout a long life: she left all her money to endow a foundation, directed by an administrator and two administratrices with absolute powers, the purpose of which should be to promote by every means the cause of woman's suffrage in Jordan County.

So far this is very good, and the feminist may well tingle with gleeful expectation. But then comes the author's betrayal. Having set the women of Jordantown well on the road to obtaining their rights, she delivers them—respect for Mrs. Harris's ability compels us to assume deliberately—into the hands of the mocker and the ungodly; for the methods by which the directors of the Co-Citizens' Foundation Fund of Jordan County set out to achieve their end illustrate precisely that unscrupulousness and extreme elasticity of conscience which, it is the contention of the scorner, may be expected to mark feminine adventures in politics. The shameless betrayal is emphasized at the end by the confession of one of the protagonists, made to a male creature, that she is tired of politics, and is anxious to darn socks.

Minnie's Bishop. By G. A. Birmingham. New York: George H. Doran Co.

When Canon Hannay set up for a humorist of the lighter sort, he incurred the usual obligations to his audience. Mark Twain never lived down his jumping frog, or Jerome Jerome his three men in a boat. "Minnie's Bishop" and two-thirds of the short stories here collected are in the frankly facetious vein of "Lalage's Lovers" and "Spanish Gold." The others are in one way or other more serious. One of them, "Bed Clothes," throws light, if light is needed, upon the Hannay-Birmingham phenomenon. It concerns a story of extraordinary merit, but daring and almost blasphemous character, which turns out to have been written by a country curate. The curate quotes verbatim from the story in a sermon preached before the editor to whom the story has been submitted. The editor accuses him of having quoted, "apparently in all good faith, the wretched moral patitudes which the story satirized." . . . "Listen to me," says the curate. "Those things which you call moral platitudes are truths. I believe them. I cling to them. They are the things I live by. They are sacred. But—— I hear them every day of my life and all day long. . . . I believe them. But they get to be like bed clothes, like blankets and quilts laid over my mouth and nostrils. I'm smothered by them." So Canon Hannay may have been smothered by the cloth, and have found grateful relief in making fun of it and of himself. There is an instance in this very story—the rural dean who offers the London editor a paper on the history of the monastic orders. Canon Hannay's most serious work is, we note, a treatise called "The Spirit and Origin of Christian Monasticism."

But this volume is chiefly interesting because it contains a number of stories and sketches which show the author in a serious mood as an artist. They interpret the pathos and the tragedy of the Irish peasant's life and of Ireland as embodied therein. Several of them, notably "The Child of Our Hope" and "This Lost Land," have a touch of symbolism, and reflect, as so much of the later Irish writing does, the haunting melancholy and wistfulness of a love for Ireland which is almost in despair.

The Trail of Black Hawk. By Paul G. Tomlinson. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

It is a pity that some of the energy and brains devoted to child study and to various forms of educational experimentation cannot be transferred to the task of improving the quality of juvenile fiction. There is no reason why a story for boys should be, as this and many others are, wooden in characterization, absurd in incident, and stupid in dialogue. To be sure, boys are tolerant of these things, provided the author supplies plenty of Indians, battle, murder, and sudden death; but surely they would prefer a story which combined with the necessary action and bloodshed a certain degree of truthfulness and intelligence. This

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story has an historical background, and it is morally harmless; but it has no other merits. The colored picture on the cover is in its absurdity typical of the story. An Indian impossibly costumed and standing in the position of a bowler whose ball has just left his hand is watching his tomahawk, which is suspended in mid-air on its way to split the head of an enemy appearing above a log in the distance.

THE RECOGNITION OF GOVERNMENTS DE FACTO AND DE JURE.

The Recognition Policy of the United States. By Julius Goebel, Jr. Columbia University Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law. Vol. LXXI. No. 1. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.

This treatise of 228 pages is devoted to a question of much practical as well as some theoretic interest, *viz.*, the principles to be followed by a State in determining when to recognize either the creation of a new State out of some preëxisting political community, or such a change effected by force in the government of an existing community as makes its government a new one. The inquiry into these principles which the treatise attempts is historical rather than theoretical, and is confined to cases in which the United States has acted, but it is prefaced by a long disquisition on the more general and abstract aspects of the subject, embracing a chapter on Legitimacy, Revolution, and Recognition and another on The Theory of Recognition, in which the views of the older writers on what constitutes legitimacy, the nature of sovereignty, and the legal relations of States to one another are discussed. This introductory part of the book contains some useful statements of the views of eminent writers, but it is rather vague in thought and often needlessly technical in expression. That which is of substantial value in it might well have received a more simple and condensed expression.

The utility of the treatise lies in the historical account which follows the views which have from time to time guided the policy of the United States in deciding when to accord and when to withhold recognition. This account very properly begins with a narrative of the proceedings by which France entered into relations with the Government of the United States during the Revolutionary War. Dr. Goebel truly observes that in those proceedings the question was not so much one of recognition as of intervention. France, partly from regard to the principles of legitimacy which then held sway in Europe, partly because it would not have been worth her while to recognize unless she was also prepared to intervene (as, indeed, recognition would have been a conspicuously unfriendly act towards Great Britain), would not have recognized the new United States Government unless she had been prepared also to support it by arms. That she did so support a revolted colony was in those days a new departure of great significance, and it bore its appropriate fruit in 1789. Dr. Goebel examines the views of Jefferson and points to his words and acts while Secretary of State as being the first clear indication of the doctrine that a new State, or a new government in a State, is entitled to recognition when it has established itself *de facto*, that is to say, when it is evidently master of the situation, able to repel attacks, and to maintain some sort of regular public order. Jefferson adopted this principle as issuing from his view that every people possesses an intrinsic natural right to determine its own form of government, and may properly exercise that right by rebellion against any existing form of which it complains. The principle was consonant with American political theory, and was followed when questions arose from 1810 onwards of recognizing the new governments in the Spanish-American States which were then beginning to dissever themselves from the old monarchy of Spain. It was followed all the more heartily because those new governments were republican, for to be a republic in form was in those days a thing which commended its government to all the friends of freedom, since they had not yet learned from experience the truth that form and name have little to do with practical excellence. When, however, in 1861, most of the slaveholding States separated themselves from the Union to form the Southern Confederacy, a new situation arose. They soon created a *de facto* government and maintained it for four years. The North was naturally alarmed lest any European Power should recognize them; as, indeed, Louis Napoleon, then ruling in France, would have liked to do. Seward, who was then Secretary of State, accordingly took up ground which swung back towards the older view that a new Government must have a good legal title as well as actual power, and dwelt on the fact that the Confederates were insurgents against an established constitutional authority. After the Civil War was over, this doctrine tended to influence the action of the United States in the cases which thereafter came before the State Department, most of which arose in Latin-American countries. Thus the language and the action of American statesmen have, during the last half-century, wavered between two views. One is that any *de facto* government is to be recognized; the other is that such a government ought also to be able to point to some legally expressed approval given to it by its own people; that is to say, must show itself to have legitimacy according to our modern ideas of what constitutes that quality. President Wilson would seem to have taken the latter view in the recent case of Huerta, President Roosevelt the former in the case of the rapid recognition of the Republic of Panama, a case on which Dr. Goebel makes some comments, though he treats both it and the Mexican instance with proper reserve. Arguments may be adduced for both views, and the facts vary so much in different cases that it is hard to lay down any principle as universally applicable, so that the inconsistencies discernible in the policy American statesmen have followed are not only excusable, but to some extent unavoidable.

Though the treatise suffers from the too frequent use of cumbrous and rather obscure pseudo-technical terms, is not altogether free from inaccuracies in matters of fact, and has more than a fair proportion of typographical errors, its historical chapters are useful. The comments are sensible, the selections from speeches and public documents are well chosen, and a spirit of fairness is visible throughout. We should, however, have desired a somewhat fuller and more exact examination of the principles which ought to be adopted in future in the presence of conditions which are only too common in the case of the minor Central and South American states. Assuming the safe rule, that in general the government *de facto* should be recognized, it becomes important to find some sort of criterion of what is a *de facto* government. No two cases are quite alike, yet certain criteria may in a given case make it easier for other governments to concur in simultaneous action. This is a consideration of no small weight, as the case of Mexico shows to-day.

PHILEROTICISM.

Goethe's Life-Poem: As Set Forth in His Life and Works. By Denton J. Snider. St. Louis: Sigma Publishing Co. $1.50.

The need of a philosophic appreciation of Goethe's significance in the world of letters is self-evident. Nearly a century has elapsed since his death, a full century since the cessation of his most active productivity; one should be able accordingly to view him dispassionately and in the proper perspective. Equally evident, alas, is the failure of the present work to meet the most moderate demands of even the general reader. The book, in fact, so far from being in any sense philosophic, reads as if it were made up of preachments delivered to a bluestocking coterie. For example:

> So the lighthearted woman [Goethe's mother] has also her battle with the fiend, whom she gets rid of then and there, whenever she meets him, by a miraculous act of deglutition. In this way she, too, may be said to have had her Philosophy of Negation, whereby she could negate the negative, dealing with it far more simply but more effectually than her son, who probably never did quite succeed in swallowing his Mephistopheles, "the Spirit that denies." Well, who does? For it is a characteristic of old Splayfoot that he will turn up again after repeated human engulfments—may he be accursed! (Pp. 30-31.)

Mr. Snider's faults may be summed up in two general categories. First, there is his own marvellous style. From the philosopher one has the right to expect moderation in language, equableness of tone, mental poise.

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Whereas in Mr. Snider everything is superheated. Each turn in Goethe's life is "pivotal" (the word is an obsession); each shift in Goethe's activity is "epochal"; each happy or unhappy manifestation of talent is "volcanic" or "Titanic." To such rhetorical exaggeration is joined an immoderate straining of language; for example, the frequent use of "forefeel" in the sense of *ahnen*, of "mediate from" in the sense of "rescue, redeem"; of such far-fetched terms as "diremption," "axial," "wrappage," "fameless," p. 269, to designate conduct which avoids gossip. In general, the reader gains the impression that the writer, instead of being acute or brilliant, is only bizarre.

Secondly, Mr. Snider's attitude towards his subject is fundamentally, organically wrong, not to say vicious. Borrowing from Goethe's "Pandora" the name Phileros, Lover of Love, he proceeds to treat Goethe pretty much from cradle to grave as a lovesick swain; Germany's greatest imaginative thinker has apparently little better to do than off with the old and on with the new. Against this direful misconception every real student, whether hyphenated or not, will protest in the most energetic terms compatible with etiquette; the misconception is, in brief, an outrage. The very title of the book is misleading: there is no such thing as a Goethe Life-Poem. Goethe has enriched the world with much of its best poetry, his life was very long and unusually diversified in spiritual content; but that life is not a poem, least of all a love-poem, rather is it a problem to be studied with all the insight at our command. In the words of Clärchen's song, his life was

> Freudvoll und leidvoll,
> Gedankenvoll sein.

Yes, ever *gedankenvoll*, whether we render the word as "full of thoughts" or as "serious." Let us add Goethe's self-characterization: A man who has taken life hard, *Einer der sich das Leben hat sauer werden lassen.*

Much of our author's aberration is due to his misapprehension of Goethe's so-called autobiography. We note a similar blunder in Mrs. Burr's book, "The Autobiography," an otherwise admirable discussion of autobiographical writing from Augustine down. When Goethe, at the age of fifty-nine, began the writing of his "Wahrheit und Dichtung," two facts must have been clear to his mind: the one, that his life after settling in Weimar was already adequately known; the other, that round his earlier life had grown up a whole literature of fable. "Wahrheit und Dichtung," then, is an attempt to dispel the fable and present the truth, to portray the circumstances amid which he grew to manhood and the influences which moulded his character and gave direction to his genius. The full title of the work is significant: "Aus meinem Leben, Wahrheit und Dichtung." In other words, I, Goethe, am going to tell enough of the truth to make my start in poetry intelligible. This he has done; more than this he has not attempted. Hence the work ends abruptly on the eve of his departure for Weimar. To criticise the work as an autobiography, as Mrs. Burr has done, and condemn it for not conforming to the general aims and principles of autobiographical writing, is to condemn the author for not doing what he never intended doing. To infer that Goethe was ignorant of autobiographical method is to forget that he translated Benvenuto Cellini and wrote for the "Meister" the "Confessions of a Beautiful Soul," the most delicate and subtle analysis of character-growth ever penned. On the other hand, to render the title by "Truth and Fiction (or Poetry)," still worse by "Fact and Symbol," and to suggest, as Mr. Snider suggests, page 517, that "the deepest impulse which drove him to seize his pen" was "to record his early loves, varying from Gretchen to Lili," is to overstep the bounds of good sense. If we strike out of "Wahrheit und Dichtung" *everything* bearing upon Gretchen (of Frankfort), Kätchen Schönkopf, Friederike, Charlotte Buff, Lili, we leave pretty much intact a portly volume of many hundred pages, treating of society in general, politics, war (somewhat), medicine, jurisprudence, and, above all, the philosophical and literary strivings of Germany about the middle of the eighteenth century. In brief, the work is a picture of Germany as Goethe saw it with the eyes of boy and young man. Especially fascinating is the *atmosphere* in which these forgotten or half-forgotten worthies move and have their being. We move with the panorama, we learn indeed to know the Holy Roman Empire of Germany *in articulo mortis*. No other literature can boast of so priceless a document. It is anything but "Symbol," it is the solid truth of history, but history interfused and interpreted by a grand poetic genius. To treat the work as a lover's chronicle is to reduce Goethe to the level of Rousseau or Casanova, or even the Chevalier Faublas!

In the matter of Friederike of Sesenheim, Mr. Snider is apparently unaware of the Lenz scandal. The soundest opinion of the Sesenheim episode in "Wahrheit und Dichtung" treats it as a deliberate attempt on Goethe's's part to rehabilitate Friederike, and in rehabilitating her he wittingly lowered himself. In like manner, Mr. Snider overlooks the recent theory that Dorothea borrowed some of her features from Lili.

The treatment of Goethe's "Reynard" is contrary to modern scholarship. At page 382 we read:

> "Reynard the Fox" originally sprang out of a vast protoplasmic ["protoplasm," "protoplasmic" haunt our author] reservoir of popular fable which showed the animal world playing the part of men in the various relations of life. This fable had especially evolved in Germany and belonged peculiarly to her people, starting far back in the primeval forest and unfolding through the medieval into the modern world.

Grimm's theory of a *Tiersage*, we comment, has been discarded these many years. So far from originating in the primeval forests of primeval Germany, the stories of Fox and Wolf are offspring of the mediæval cloister. They are emphatically a branch of clerico-monkish erudition, influenced by the Arabic Kalilah-Dimnah collection, by the Alexandrian Physiologus and the Æsopian Fables. The stories of Fox and Wolf, first composed in Latin, then in French, were translated into Flemish and thence into Low German. Goethe's "Reynard" is based upon Gottsched's edition, 1752, of the Lübeck Low German version of 1498.

Equally wrong are the remarks upon metre (p. 383). That the German *Knittelvers* should be translated "doggerel," may perhaps pass; but that "Faust" is written in doggerel, we flatly deny. That great poem exhibits nearly every conceivable form of metre except doggerel, apart from a few brief scattered passages. We deny also that Chaucer employed doggerel, or Scott in his Romances, or Whittier in his "Snow Bound." Clearly, our author, not having taken the first step in the history of metrical forms, confuses "doggerel" with the octosyllabic rhyming couplet.

At page 40 Mr. Snider calls Goethe's boyish poem, "Christ's Descent to Hell," "daring." How so? All through the Middle Ages the apocryphal "Evangelium Nicodemi" and its supplement, the "Descensus ad Inferos," were a favorite literary theme, passing from Latin into early French, English, German, and other languages. An echo of it seems to survive even in the modern children's rhyme: "Open the gates as high as the sky, Let King George and his army pass by," Saint George being substituted for the sacred name of Christ. Goethe was not more daring than many a pious cleric of mediæval Germany, and the sole question for us is to determine which especial German version he followed in his fragment.

Our criticisms are not hypercritical, but merely seek to enforce the doctrine that Goethe cannot be dealt with on *a priori* methods, and is to be interpreted only with the aid of the soundest and broadest scholarship.

We have not the patience to combat, one by one, Mr. Snider's views upon Goethe's relations to women, whether the woman in question be named Friederike, or Lili, or Frau von Stein, or Marianne, or Ulrike. Whoever begins by creating a Phileros is bound to go astray. Peculiarly exasperating is the treatment of Goethe's connection with Christiane Vulpius and their family life. The quiet Weimar household, almost humdrum in its daily routine, is turned into a house of Tantalus, Goethe the indefatigable student and writer is hounded by the Fates and Furies and all the other pack of classic hobgoblins. Such perversity is fatal to genuine study. The initiated can perhaps afford to smile; but what of the uninitiated, those who have heard something of German literature and sincerely wish to know more? We can only bid them wait in patience until some one shall arise with enough intellectual virility to exorcise all this erotic feminism and depict the veritable man and thinker.

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The book is without index; even the table of contents is inadequate. We have noted many grievous misspellings which are part and parcel of the general carelessness. Thus: persistance, p. 6.; *inuendo*, 56; uproarous, 73; Alsatians, 96; Calvanism, 176; issolation, 286; apreciates, 342; exhilliration, 378; humerous, 385. This last reminds us of the famous German hyphenization in which *Schul-terminologie* was set up *Schulterminologie!* Is proofreading in way of becoming a lost art?

A TEXTBOOK OF FINANCE.

Money and Banking. By John Thom Holdsworth. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $2 net.

Professor Holdsworth has few equals as a *précis* writer. He condenses and epitomizes without eviscerating. His aim has been to make a serviceable textbook, but the work before us is much more than that: it is a running critique of the principles of American banking and currency, showing rare fidelity to facts, shrewd sense of values, perspicacity of judgment, and pithy phraseology. Take, for example, his passage on Prof. Irving Fisher's "compensated dollar." He outlines Fisher's scheme with astonishing brevity and clearness, recites the arguments pro and con, and gives his own opinion in the following words:

In the first place, this scheme, being based upon the use of the multiple or tabular standard, is open to all the objections against such a method of correcting price fluctuations. Moreover, it is based upon the quantity theory of money in some form, but authorities are not agreed upon the soundness of that theory. Secondly, there does not seem to be much hope of an early international adoption of the plan, and its adoption by the United States alone would play havoc with our foreign trade and make the operations of foreign exchange uncertain and highly speculative. Thirdly, the plan is defective in that it cannot be applied to stop falling prices. Professor Fisher proposes to meet this possibility either by reducing the weight of the coined dollar or by withdrawing all gold coin and substituting gold certificates. It is probable, however, that the business world would look upon either expedient as a plan to debase the standard, and that it would meet with strong opposition Even granting that it is advisable to maintain a price average, the adoption of Professor Fisher's ingenious scheme as a practical plan seems remote. The illusion that gold is stable, produced by the fact that the price of gold is always the same, is deep-rooted in the business world. A long campaign of education will be needed before men will be willing to surrender that belief.

In such manner Professor Holdsworth glances at the whole field of money and banking, omitting no salient feature, wasting no time on immaterial considerations, sifting sense from nonsense, displaying throughout architectonic skill of a high order. His chapter on Foreign Banking Systems is really a quite remarkable feat in condensed description. What could be more succinct, and at the same time more informing, than this account of the Bank of England, covering one hundred and thirty-five years?

In 1709 it was granted a quasi-monopoly by a decree of Parliament that no other corporation or partnership of more than six persons should issue demand notes in England. As the issue of notes was regarded as the main business of banking, this provision was understood to prohibit any organization of more than six persons from engaging in banking, and for a number of years the Bank of England had a practical monopoly of the entire field of banking. It received public funds on deposit and acted as fiscal agent of the Government in placing loans, and to some extent in collecting the revenues. The charter of the bank was renewed from time to time, usually on condition of new loans to the Government or a reduction of interest on old loans. These loans for war purposes became so large that in 1797 the bank was compelled to suspend special payments and did not resume until 1821. A Parliamentary investigation into the financial situation in 1810 resulted in the famous Bullion Report, the establishing of the gold standard, and the present coinage system in 1816, and the gradual restoration of financial order. In 1826 the monopoly of the bank was relaxed and joint stock companies were allowed to do business, including the issue of notes, beyond a radius of sixty-five miles from London, and after 1833 they were authorized in London and vicinity, but without the note-issuing privilege. Upon the renewal of the bank's charter, in 1833, its notes were made legal tender everywhere in England and Wales, except at the bank itself, so long as redeemable in gold on demand. During this period joint stock banks multiplied rapidly and the amount of note issues was greatly increased. The commercial crises of 1836 and 1839 were attributed to the over-issue of bank paper, and led to a movement for banking reform which culminated in Peel's act of 1844.

The possession of this faculty of condensation enables Professor Holdsworth to present the minutiæ of banking administration as instructively as he presents the great economic principles which underlie banking and currency systems. He tells, for example, how a paying teller each day examines checks that come through the Clearing House, and how he marks them in case of insufficient funds; indeed, our author is so specific that he suggests a better way to mark them.

Such is the uniform ability displayed throughout this work that one part appears to be as skilfully handled as another. Of course, at a time like this, the chapter on Domestic and Foreign Exchange, if well written, should be of peculiar interest; and it is very well written, indeed, reminding us by its spirit—as, indeed, the whole book does—of that ingratiating English authority on similar subjects, Mr. Hartley Withers. The most difficult and confusing problem of finance is here robbed of its terrors. What may be called the normal operations of exchange are easily enough understood; the operations aside from normal—the modifying factors—are what make the subject so inexplicable to the ordinary mind. Professor Holdsworth presents these so simply, so concretely, so deftly, that the problem immediately becomes stimulating.

His description of the Federal Reserve System is the clearest we have yet seen. This whole chapter should be read in connection with the one on foreign banking. Together, they create for us an atmosphere in which best to scrutinize such great subjects as acceptances, discounts, and currency issues. Far from being a mere textbook, the work before us is one of great value, as it marshals for us not only the fundamental principles of money and banking, but also the world-wide efforts of the past to give those principles their most successful application.

Notes

"The Operation of the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall in Oregon," by James D. Barnett, is announced for publication this week by the Macmillan Co.

The Century Co. announces the forthcoming publication of "The Most Interesting American," a study of ex-President Roosevelt, by Julian Street.

Those who owe to the translations of D. G. Rossetti their knowledge and appreciation of the Italian poetry of the early Sicilian school will profit by Prof. Ernest Langley's scholarly edition of "The Poetry of Giacomo da Lentino" (Harvard University Press). To this verse Rossetti contributed something all his own, a mood of aspiring idealism which has the savor more of his own pre-Raphaelite England than of sensuous Italian chivalry of the thirteenth century. The prose summaries of Professor Langley have, along with no little elegance, the advantage of accuracy. In them he isolates the themes, and thus to an extent also the artistic motives of the various poems. In passing to them from the original Italian we do not lose everything, for, considered as art, the poetry of the Italian Duocento lacks precisely sufficient elaboration. Its dominant mood is the melancholy of a deluded yearning in love, tinged delicately with a humor inherent in the temporary nature of this delusion. The poets of Frederick's court never clearly decided whether they were weeping or laughing. In this lies their naïve charm, a charm only intensified by their labored preciosity and by the benign complacency of their gallantry.

"The Nearing Case," by Prof. Lightner Witmer (B. W. Huebsch; 50 cents net), described as "a brief of facts and opinions," comprises a number of discussions by Professor Witmer himself, together with a considerable collection of newspaper articles, letters, and extracts from various sources, all relating to the now famous dismissal of Prof. Scott Nearing by the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania, last June. As the whole matter is under investigation by the American Association of University Professors, it would hardly be proper to express a final opinion, in advance of the publication of the report of the Association, regarding the merits of the case as presented by Professor Nearing's colleague. The undisputed facts appear to be that Professor Nearing's work was sufficiently satis-

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factory to warrant the trustees of the University in promoting him, in June, 1914, to an assistant professorship; that he was dropped in June, 1915, under a rule of the trustees regarding annual appointments, without explanation of the reason for his dismissal, and that the trustees and provost have thus far refused to make public the grounds of their action. From the mass of allegation and suspicion which the summary action of the trustees has aroused emerge such varied intimations as that Professor Nearing's utterances, in the lecture-room and in public, were indiscreet, and brought the University into disrepute; that some of the alumni were opposed to him; that his active opposition to child labor earned him the enmity of politicians and employers; that he was a sacrifice to the secret demands of local public service corporations and influential friends of the University, and that his views regarding religion and morals were objectionable. Professor Witmer's own contributions to the volume before us are a detailed and emphatic denial of all charges, and a bold arraignment of the trustees and certain of the alumni for their course in the matter. It is greatly to be hoped, alike for Professor Nearing, the University, and the public, that a full and impartial statement of the case may soon be made; for if there is no other side than that which Professor Witmer sets forth, there can be, we think, only one verdict.

Those who elect that their criticism shall be literary in manner and spirit as well as in subject-matter will relish the appreciations of Mr. Eugene Mason in "A Book of Preferences in Literature" (Dutton; $1.25 net). He is no dilettante reading his own temperament into a few authors of narrow range. His preferences, on the contrary, happen to be those of a connoisseur in French and Spanish as well as in English. He rejoices with almost equal susceptibility in an excellence or an appeal in Wace's "Roman de Brut" and in the modern mystic, W. B. Yeats. He delights to roll under his tongue the prose of M. Anatole France, and smacks his lips over some of the short stories of Rudyard Kipling. He lingers fondly over the verse of José-Maria de Heredia as "probably the most accomplished artist of his time," and cons again and again the songs of Francis Thompson—"poetry which in its rarer moments rises to heights the most exalted of its day." He is thus various, not because he is a theorist, finding exact confirmation of his own doctrines in productions little understanded of the people, but because these several artists express some vision of beauty in the environing cosmos. He does not measure them with a rule to determine whether they rise to some classical standard. He does not sort their work into types as one may let oranges drop through different-sized holes for packing in a box. Indeed, he avows, "For my part creeds are peculiar to theology, and I am not anxious to impose them elsewhere."

On the other hand, he is no sentimentalist apotheosizing the idols of his fancy. He does, to be sure, manifest without reserve the feeling inspired by what he reads. A typical passage may be taken from his account of Thompson: "'Sister Songs,' for example, dedicated to two innocent girls, happy as spring flowers, suddenly tells, with piercing poignancy, the story of that other flower, fallen from spring's coronal and blown withering through the city streets. It records how this brave, sad, and loving girl gave of her scanty pittance to him, a stranger, that he might eat; then fled, a trackless fugitive. The emotion of the wonderful passage is heightened to an almost unbearable degree by the dramatic contrast of the delicately nurtured child, to whom the verses are spoken, with the girl whose innocency only God can give again, when He restores the years that the locusts have eaten." But this surrendering to impressions does not blind him to larger bearings. Of Thompson himself he says: "It would seem unlikely that Thompson is destined to permanent popularity. . . . His creed is anathema to a large section of the public not concerned with spiritual matters, and to a larger portion that is. . . . Such fame as he has won was derivative in the first instance from the rumors of his lamentable legend. Gossip attracted the attention of the marketplace to songs which otherwise would have fallen on deaf ears." In other essays he contrasts Christina Rossetti and Paul Verlaine as Christian poets, and dwells on M. Anatole France's absorption in the Dreyfus affair, and makes explicit the bitter philosophy beneath the exquisite art of Guy de Maupassant. Besides, he is not only a discriminating critic, but, as the quotations show, he has a style. The moments of eloquence are followed by glints of humor, of sly innuendo, or colloquial waywardness. Probably the distinctive feature is the inweaving of Scriptural phrase and allusion, which lends a haunting grace to the various individual and faintly melancholy cadences in these adventures of a discerning lover of literature.

Frederick Palmer's "My Year of the Great War" (Dodd, Mead; $1.50 net) is by all means the cheeriest book that has come from the trenches. Mr. Palmer has made himself the spokesman of the admirable spirit and imperturbability of the British soldier. Incidentally he gives technical information in abundance, for he is not only the most experienced correspondent in the field, but also the most favored, being sole accredited American correspondent in the British army. He was even taken to a remote and undesignated northern harbor where he saw the entire English fleet passing out in practice formation. A thrill comes even through the necessary reticence of the description. Mr. Palmer made a rapid trip through Germany and Belgium, but his main association was with the British forces. For them he conceived the liveliest admiration and affection, and he is easily their best chronicler. While the student will readily pick out the details of trench tactics, staff, and supply, the average reader will most value, and properly, the very personal tone of the narrative. Such masterpieces of dry humor as the non-com. grenadier discoursing on the qualities and limitations of hand-thrown bombs are what really distinguish the book. Mr. Palmer's survey will be encouraging to those who have doubted England's ability to shoulder, as soon she must, the greater part of the burden of the war in the west. He writes:

> If the war shows anything it is that basically English character has not changed. She still has unconquerable, dogged persistence, and her defects for this kind of war are not among the least admirable of her traits to those who desire to live their own lives in their own way, as the English-speaking people have done for five hundred years. . . .
>
> It is still the law that when a company of infantry marches through London it must be escorted by a policeman. This means a good deal: that civil power is superior to military power. It is a symbol of what Englishmen have fought for with spades and pitchforks and what we have fought England for. My own idea is that England is fighting for it in this struggle; and starting unready against a foe which was ready, as the free peoples always have, she was fighting for time and experience before she could strike her sturdiest blows.

The analysis of the collective soul of a nation, difficult enough in ordinary times, is infinitely more so when half the world is in arms and national passions run high. But the number of books during the past year on the Soul of Germany, the Spirit of France, and *l'Ame Belge*, shows that the difficulties have no terrors for fluent authors. Distinctly above the average of this kind of socio-psychological *tour de force* is "The Spirit of the Allied Nations" (Macmillan), a series of lectures given last winter at King's College under the Imperial Studies Committee, and edited with an introduction by Sidney Low. Underneath all the lectures lies Renan's conception of nationality: that a nation is not alone a matter of race or religion or language; but "a soul and a spiritual principle, the resultant of a long historic past, of sacrifices and efforts made in common, and of a united will and aspiration in the present." Otherwise the lectures vary much in value and method of laying bare the national soul. Prof. Paul Studer, of Oxford, handles deftly the familiar subject of the intellectual and artistic side of French nature, maintaining that here at least the influence of France on the modern world has been unrivalled; even Germany has received constant inspiration from French letters through many centuries. Professor Hamelius, one of the notable band of Belgian scholars driven into enforced exile, points out as the distinctive feature of his native land Belgium's position between the Latin and Teutonic worlds, a link between them if also a barrier, a chemical compound of the two elements from which a new substance has been evolved. Flemish and French are mixed with Walloon and a little German; Latin vivacity with Dutch caution and shrewdness; the emotional faith of the South with the practical outlook upon life of the North; mysticism with frank materialism, as seen characteristically in the most typical Belgian Rubens, the painter both of the Antwerp Crucifixion and of the drunken Silenus.

The spirit of the Russian masses, the peasantry and the working classes, is sympathetically studied by M. Aladin, a former member of the Duma. He shows how completely the Russian masses have been misunderstood by Germany, who, with all her systematic grasp of facts and things, does most commonly misunderstand the emotions and ideas of other peoples. She mistook the temper of Russia as she did that of Britain and Ireland and South Africa. She believed she saw Russia on the verge of another paralyzing social upheaval such as inaugurated the Duma a decade ago; she failed to discern the passionate sense of racial and religious unity which is the soul of Russia. Mr. Seton-Watson's account of Servia is one unbroken pæan of admiration; his panegyric of Servian military power, which has expelled all enemies from Servian soil and "so completely beaten and demoralized the Austrian army" as to make it "useless for any further offensive," is less felicitous in December than when it was written in January. Most charming and fresh, with the very atmosphere of the cherry blossoms, is Prof. J. H. Longford's description of

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the spirit of Old Japan—its scenery, customs, religions, and institutions, interpreted by the author's interesting parallels between the British island empire in the West and the Japanese Empire in the East. When he went to Japan some forty years ago it was still the land of romance and feudalism. Silk-clad and sword-girt samurai still paced the streets with solemn dignity. Great feudal lords passed in gorgeous palanquins of lacquer inlaid with gold, while passing commoners bowed their heads to the ground in humble reverence. But we question whether under the spell of Nippon's charm and the life of Old Japan Professor Longford quite grasps the New Japan—the materialism following the transformation of the industrial revolution and the ambitions aroused by three successful wars against China, Russia, and Germany. We doubt whether it is quite true that "the spirit of the people is unchanged." Great Britain's peculiar distinction, according to the able concluding chapter by Sidney Low, is the way she has shown to the world, in Canada, Australia, South Africa, and elsewhere beyond the seas, how Liberty and Empire may be reconciled, how the Will to Live may work in harmony with the Will to Power, how in the fulness of time the world may contain not one but several great federated empires besides the British.

Prof. K. Emil Hilgard, of Zurich, is the author of an excellent brochure entitled "Ueber Geschichte und Bau des Panama-Kanales" (Zurich: Orell Füssli). In comparatively brief compass it gives a comprehensive survey of the history of the canal, its leading engineering features, the geographical conditions, etc. Professor Hilgard writes with all enthusiasm about the achievements of Gens. Goethals and Gorgas, which he thinks epoch-making and a great American contribution to civilization. In the main, however, he confines himself to a recitation of the facts and lets them tell their story. But as a sympathizer with Germany in the present war he cannot refrain from contrasting the sanitation of the Canal Zone with what he considers the wrongful supplying of munitions to the Allies, because of which he attributes to America a large responsibility for the growing death-rate and misery in Europe. Professor Hilgard's pamphlet is excellently illustrated by photographic views and tabular presentations of the engineering results achieved, several of which are original with the author.

A tendency in recent years, on the part of teachers of economics, to rely less upon textbooks as a means of instruction, and to supplement or even to supplant the usual manuals by collections of material gathered from diverse sources, has been most marked in the middle West. "Current Economic Problems, a Series of Readings in the Control of Industrial Development," edited by Walton Hale Hamilton (The University of Chicago Press; $2.75 net), which grew up in the process of instruction at the Universities of Michigan and of Chicago, has had the benefit of the experience and advice of teachers, notably Professor Taylor of Ann Arbor, who have done much to bring the new method into favor; it has been tested in the class room in two separate editions before this final revision was published; it appears now as an excellent representative of its class. The book differs from others in the field, in that it does not aim to cover the whole body of economic principles, but concentrates its material to illustrate problems in the control of industrial development. Two chapters discuss the historical sources and general character of the present industrial system, others take up the pecuniary basis of its organization, the problem of population, and the questions of political theory underlying regulation by the State; most of the chapters, of which there are fourteen in all, cover more specific topics, such as crises, international trade, railways, trusts, trade unionism, and various aspects of the movement for social reform.

The editor has garnered from a wide field, and is quite regardless of the authority from which he quotes, whether it be the Bible, the Supreme Court, Mr. Dooley, or the ill-fated author of "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." He says frankly that his object is to raise questions rather than to answer them. In general, however, the extracts are sober and substantial. If the point of some of them is not very clear, these may be omitted, and there will still remain in the volume, which comprises nearly eight hundred closely printed pages, enough material to engage the attention of a thoughtful student for a good part of a year. The new plan of teaching economics, which this book is designed to serve, is still on trial. Apparent as are some of its advantages, it entails practical difficulties in administration, and a serious danger of slipshod habits of thought as its result. Its standing in the academic world has been hurt by such extravagant claims as that which would appropriate for it the title of "the Inductive method." The best argument for the extension of the new plan is furnished by actual instruments of instruction like that which the editor of this collection has supplied.

Lively anticipations are raised by a preliminary glance at Ierne L. Plunket's attractively printed and illustrated "Isabel of Castile" (Putnam; $2.50 net), but more careful perusal reveals little to justify them. The story of Spain's greatest queen was told far more accurately and interestingly by Prescott, three-quarters of a century ago. A good deal of fresh material has become available since "Ferdinand and Isabella" was first published, and the list of "principal authorities" on which the present work is based indicates that its author is familiar with some of them; but she seems utterly unable to estimate their respective positions and values, and use them accordingly. The result is a strange jumble. The account of Castile in the fifteenth century with which the book opens is a tangle of inaccuracies; one does not need to read more than a few pages to be certain that the author has nowhere delved beneath the topmost surface. The style of the book may better be imagined than described. The following quotation from page 18 will suffice: "An occasion of outward or obvious importance, when a succession or a Council of Regency were under dispute, or if an oath of homage to a new sovereign or the confirmation of some unprecedented act were required; all three 'estates' would meet together at whatever town the king happened to be staying." It seems inevitable that most of the attractive queens and princesses of mediæval and modern Europe should be "done over" in biographies of this style in these degenerate days; but the authors of such books should have enough discretion to avoid choosing subjects which have already been treated in classic works, and in words which will endure for all time.

In order to arrive at the heart of Baron De Kusel's irrelevant and lengthy Egyptian recollections, the reader would do well to plunge into the middle of his 350 closely written pages. What precedes is a leisurely recital of events and impressions, more or less trivial and personal. Under other and more skilful hands the observations contained in this prelude, covering a period from 1863 down to the rebellion of Arabi Pasha and the bombardment of Alexandria, might have been made of engrossing interest, but the complacent author of "An Englishman's Recollections of Egypt" (Lane; $3 net) was unfortunately not so gifted. Thus an excellent opportunity for a first-hand history of the pre-British period in Egyptian affairs, of the days of the oppressed fellahin and the kourbash, will be lost unless an enterprising publisher scientifically lays siege to Baron De Kusel's valuable store of experiences. For the author certainly possesses a wealth of such material, having been intimately associated with Egyptian affairs, sharing native and official confidence to a privileged degree, prior to the inception of the new régime under the British. As a customs official the author was thrown into close contact with native officials, and had a view of their politics in Cairo that has rarely been offered to another European. He was familiar with Arabi, Zobeir, and the other leading lights of pashadom. Later, he was more or less officially associated with the British protagonists like Gordon, Lords Cromer and Kitchener, and the various generals that had previously essayed the reclamation and extension of Egyptian borders. But all these personalities, excepting, possibly, Zobeir Pasha, come and go through his pages like silhouettes.

On Gordon, whom he knew, Baron De Kusel throws a new and interesting sidelight in the much-discussed relation with Zobeir Pasha. The author was a close friend of Zobeir, and shares the opinion now current that the neglect of Gordon's urgent requests for Zobeir as a colleague in the reconquest of the Sudan, once held in sway by the latter in his unregenerate, slave-dealing days, largely contributed to the misunderstandings that ended in the tragedy at Khartum. Vivid, for once, are the impressions of the few days of Arabi's power, and of the consequent bombardment of Alexandria. But the bombardment is more a spectacle than an historic episode, and the brief reign of Arabi Pasha, or the events that followed, are never seen in their true political perspective. After the bombardment, the author tells us, it was the American marines that first landed to restore order in the city, the British not landing until twenty-four hours later. Thus, as on a film, the author passes in leisurely review the opening of the Suez Canal, the maelstrom of Egyptian politics, the various personalities that helped make recent Egyptian history. Except for the sketch of the relations of Gordon and Zobeir Pasha, his record is interspersed with quotations from standard authorities, and largely made up of ingenuous after-thoughts and arid impressions of Egyptian habits, customs, and art. Through these pages of personal gossip, sport, and similar conviviality the reader will look in vain for the rewarding in-

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sight or observation that so long and close an association presented to the author.

The experiences of the student who worked his way through his four years' course at Princeton, as related by himself and recorded by Christian Gauss under the title "Through College on Nothing a Year" (Scribner; $1 net) round out a tale which deserves the too much abused word "human document." Owning for his background "a somewhat disreputable Jersey suburb of New York, famous for its goats and slums," he belonged to that minority for whom a college education results in an actual and downright break in station of life. If college was an unknown world, he was on the other hand accustomed to working for small pay, to shifting for himself, to asking for what he wanted. Utterly unprepared for the collegiate experience, he was much at home with the other half of his problem. A more exceptional part of his performance fell in his years as an upper classman, when he found scope for a special aptitude in business. As a freshman he made five dollars selling football programmes; as a senior he organized the selling of forty subordinates, managed a pressing establishment, promoted a successful distributing agency, speculated to advantage in sophomore "slickers," in short, marketed ideas instead of selling time. The Self Help Bureau, the College Farm, and other agencies for assisting the self-supporting student were of use to him, and the record of his experience should be as valuable as it is inspiriting. None the less, the fact is to be kept in view that, despite his handicaps and burdens, his native endowment, sharpened though it was by necessity, topped the average. To expect every student facing the same problem to give as good an account of himself would not promote the solution of the university's problem in encouraging the poor sub-freshman to dare its doors.

We have received from Ginn & Company the first nine volumes of their New Hudson Shakespeare series (30 cents each): "As You Like It," "Hamlet," "Julius Cæsar," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "Twelfth Night." This is a convenient edition of the plays, intended primarily for use in schools, well printed on paper of good quality. The volumes are thin and slip easily into the pocket. Introduction and explanatory footnotes are furnished by Prof. Henry Norman Hudson, and the edition is edited and revised by Ebenezer Charlton Black and Andrew Jackson George. The short introductions give in a concise form the information desirable for an intelligent reading of the plays, under such headings as Sources, Date of Composition, Editions, Dramatic Structure, Versification and Diction, General Characteristics, Characters. A useful feature of the volume is a chronological chart giving dates of the principal events in Shakespeare's life and relating these to British and foreign literature and to important historical events of the period.

Books on "mental science" deserve respectful consideration in proportion to their scientific accuracy, but the importation of Bible passages into the argument by means of forced interpretation and fanciful conceptions deserves severe condemnation. Such a method of argumentation characterizes "Bible Mystery and Bible Meaning," by T. Troward (McBride, Nast; $1.50 net).

Drama

NEW PRODUCTIONS IN LONDON—MR. VACHELL AS PLAYWRIGHT—AN ENTERTAINMENT BY LOUIS PARKER.

By WILLIAM ARCHER.

London, November 8.

Since the production of "Quinneys'," Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell has decidedly taken rank among the playwrights who count. On the other hand, his new play, "The Case of Lady Camber," is one that does not count—that is neither here nor there. It provides Mr. H. B. Irving with a congenial part, and it occupies a couple of hours agreeably enough; but its technical interest is slight and its intellectual qualities nil.

Harley Napier, F.R.C.S., is the owner of a fashionable nursing-home in the West End of London. He is an enthusiastic man of science, and has discovered a new poison, which is colorless, tasteless, and leaves no traces behind it. He has also discovered a jewel among nurses, Miss Esther Yorke, who is silently devoted to him, and whose love he in reality returns, though he has been too busy to notice the fact. The even tenor of life in this idyllic nursing-home is rudely interrupted by "the case of Lady Camber." That peeress was in bygone days a star of musical comedy, noted (mark this!) for her talent as a mimic. Her marriage with Lord Camber has proved a ghastly mistake, and she has fallen into wretched health. Her one chance of life lies in the skill of Harley Napier, seconded by the almost miraculous ministrations of Nurse Yorke.

But Nurse Yorke is exceedingly unwilling to undertake the case, for reasons which she cannot explain to Dr. Napier. The fact is that, some years before, she was found by Lord Camber (then a bachelor) in the depths of poverty and very ill. He took her to his flat, where she remained for a fortnight, in all innocence and propriety, but, alas! without a chaperon. So soon as she recovered her health, she fled from this equivocal position, and Lord Camber sought for her in vain. It was in disgust at this disappointment that he married his Gaiety Girl. Having now discovered the long-lost fugitive in the character of Dr. Napier's pet nurse, his Lordship manifests a desire to renew their relation at the point where she broke it off; so that it is only on Dr. Napier's urgent insistence that she consents to undertake the case of Lady Camber.

Six weeks pass, and Lady Camber is recovering. Unfortunately, she has as her personal attendant an exceedingly jealous old woman who hates Nurse Yorke, and, spying upon her, discovers that she receives letters from Lord Camber. This fact she discloses to Lady Camber, whom it throws into a frenzy. There is a telephone in Lady Camber's room (an unusual accessory, one would think, in a nursing-home), and to it the distracted woman rushes. She rings up Lord Camber, and, making use of her gift of mimicry, carries on a conversation with him in the voice of Nurse Yorke. The situation is a sufficiently ingenious and effective one, but it is rather clumsily handled. Among other compromising things, Lord Camber is made to say, "I love you even more than I did when you spent that fortnight at my flat"—an improbable speech for him to make at all, and doubly improbable over the telephone. Lady Camber, still impersonating Miss Yorke, tells her husband to come to the home immediately, and when he arrives there is, of course, a furious scene, which ends in her being carried fainting from the stage.

The former relation between Miss Yorke and Lord Camber is thus revealed to Dr. Napier, and the shock of the discovery awakens him to the nature of his feelings for Nurse Yorke. In a few hours Lady Camber dies; and what is Dr. Napier's horror, on going to his poison cupboard, to find that the phial containing his new and untraceable poison has been abstracted! As a matter of fact, Nurse Yorke has taken it with a view to suicide; but how is the doctor to know that she has not poisoned Lady Camber in order to step into her shoes? In the end, of course, he convinces himself of her innocence by setting traps into which, if guilty, she is likely to fall. The plot here becomes too complex for analysis, and too artificial to be really interesting. Such merit as the play possesses lies in the character of Lady Camber, which is drawn with a good deal of spirit. The jealous old dresser and maid is also well done. The doctor and the nurse are little better than ideal waxworks.

"Iris Intervenes" is the title of a three-act comedy by a new writer, Mr. John Hastings Turner, produced by Miss Lena Ashwell at the Kingsway Theatre. The press has been very kind to it, probably in view of the author's youth, and in the hope of better things to come. This leniency is an error on the right side, and I am the last to quarrel with it; but it must be confessed that, although the play shows a good deal of promise, its actual merit is scant enough. It tells a fantastic story of the irruption of a beautiful and imperious Russian damsel into an ultra-philistine suburban British household. The head of this household combines abject snobbery with extreme imbecility; and for that very reason (as we are told) he is selected by an American engineering firm for the guardianship of certain precious documents, of which a rival firm is anxious to obtain possession. No one, it is thought, will ever imagine that the papers would be entrusted to the keeping of so notorious an idiot. But the rival firm has somehow anticipated this astute move, an attempt is made to steal the papers, and the fair Muscovite and the little snob (who cordially disapproves of her) go careering over the country in a motor-car

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on the track of the thief. The papers are duly recovered, though not by them, and the incident ends in a certain widening of the mental horizon of the suburban hero. There is a good deal of whimsical cleverness in the dialogue, which kept the audience amused; but a more aimless and preposterous story it would be hard to imagine. The author is apparently a very young disciple in the school of Mr. Shaw—an influence which he cannot make too great haste to throw off. What is imitable in Mr. Shaw's work is bad; what is good is inimitable.

Mr. Louis Parker, the author of "Disraeli" and "Pomander Walk" and the inventor of the historical pageants which had a brief vogue some years ago, has furnished Sir Herbert Tree's Theatre with an entertainment which has a very fair chance of popularity even in these troublous time. I call "Mavourneen" an entertainment rather than a play, for it is impossible to consider it seriously from the dramatic point of view. It is an adroit excuse for the exhibition of some picturesque scenery and costumes, and for the development of the engaging talent of Miss Lily Elsie. This lady was for several years the bright particular star of Daly's Theatre, under the management of the late George Edwardes. She was, if I mistake not, the original "Merry Widow." Then she married and left the stage for some years; but her admirers had by no means forgotten her, and it was a brilliant managerial inspiration of Sir Herbert Tree's to lure her back to the footlights. Henry Irving or Sarah Bernhardt had never a greater reception than was accorded to her at His Majesty's.

It must be owned that the raptures of the public, if a little excessive, were not quite unjustified; for Miss Elsie has real talent as a comic actress and played very agreeably the part which Mr. Parker had cut to her measure. Patricia O'Brien, alias "Mavourneen," is, of course, a wild Irish girl of overflowing humor, irrepressible spirit, undaunted courage, and unassailable virtue. In order to escape from a distasteful marriage which her father has arranged for her, she dons doublet and hose and sets off for London—the London of King Charles the Second. Riding into the first inn-yard she comes to, she there finds herself, by a happy accident, in the midst of a brilliant circle of courtiers—Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley, and I know not who besides. It only needed Clifford and Lauderdale to make up the whole "cabal." Then Samuel Pepys drops in with Mrs. Pepys; then the reigning favorite, Lady Castlemaine; and finally—of all people—Queen Catharine of Braganza! Patricia is dowered not only with the tongue of Beatrice, but with the sword of D'Artagnan; and she finds in this scene ample opportunity for the employment of both weapons. She renders a service to the Queen, and becomes one of her maids of honor; in which capacity she attracts the attention of the Merry Monarch himself. He makes her costly presents of dress and jewelry, which she accepts in all innocence, being far too simple minded to suspect any ulterior design. When at last she does perceive the drift of his Majesty's homage, she rebukes him with so much spirit and charm combined that, far from resenting his defeat, he bestows a knighthood on her chivalrous lover, makes her father confessor a dean, if not a bishop, and altogether conducts himself more like a fairy godmother than a baffled libertine. All this, of course, is terrible nonsense, but it scarcely pretends to be anything else; and it has little or none of the offensiveness of the "Nell Gwynne" plays, which were painfully popular some years ago.

An old-fashioned errant-husband farce, named "A Little Bit of Fluff," has been produced at the Criterion, by an author otherwise unknown to me, Mr. Walter W. Ellis. It is pretty sure, I imagine, to make its way to America; for it has the one great merit of its species—it is uproariously funny. Refinement it has none, and its ingenuity might better be termed impudence; yet, do what you will, you cannot choose but laugh at it.

"TREASURE ISLAND."

The small and picturesque Punch and Judy Theatre, under the management of Charles Hopkins, opened its season last week with a presentation of Stevenson's "Treasure Island," adapted for the stage by Jules Eckert Goodman. To the credit of this ambitious production three points stand out as noteworthy: the success with which the adaptation has preserved the spirit of the original; the high level of the individual performances, coördinated by admirable stage management; the really remarkable achievement of the producers in mounting so elaborate a production on the tiny stage of the theatre. In illustration of the last point, one scene in particular may be mentioned, that showing the quay at Bristol, with a real-looking ship at anchor and Long John's inn to the right. A more enjoyable performance for the holiday season than is given by Mr. Hopkins's company can hardly be imagined, and if there is justice in the world the Punch and Judy Theatre should be filled to its limited capacity for many nights to come.

The first act, in the Admiral Benbow Inn, is dramatically the best, starting off with the ribald chorus, "Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of rum," and maintaining throughout the melodramatic level set by that excellent ditty. The success of this act is mainly attributable to the capital performance of Bill Bones by Tim Murphy, which is conceived in the spirit of old-fashioned melodrama and executed with unfailing vigor. The Long John Silver—plausible villain—of Edward Emery is another excellent characterization, in which the two sides of the rascal's character are well brought out. Mr. Hopkins himself gives a well-considered study of Ben Gunn. The Jim Hawkins of Mrs. Hopkins is a performance marked by intelligence and ability, but Jim is an exceedingly masculine little fellow, and Mrs. Hopkins's charm is all feminine. Lack of space alone prevents us from paying tribute to other individual performances in this very delightful production. S. W.

SOTHERN AS LORD DUNDREARY.

Hearty thanks are due to Mr. E. H. Sothern for reviving at the Booth Theatre Tom Taylor's four-act comedy, "Our American Cousin," in which Mr. Sothern's father made a notable success some fifty years ago. In the present revival the elder Sothern's manner, as we are informed by venerable critics, is almost perfectly reproduced, but the spirit with which he animated the rôle is lacking. The latter part of this statement is not difficult to believe. Mr. E. H. Sothern's interpretation of the eccentric lord appears to be American to a degree. He has developed the sheer nonsense of the piece in a more finished way, to be sure, than could be expected of any vaudeville performer, but with a heartiness which even the lighter stage could not excel. The proof of his acting is the laughter of the audience, which is tumultuous. This he has succeeded in doing without wrenching the character from its setting. He has, indeed, by his spirited interpretation quickened the pace of what might easily have become a rather slow play; for it is trite to remark that as a whole Tom Taylor's masterpiece is not impressive.

With Mr. Sothern, to mention the outstanding members of the cast, are the following: Sydney Mather, as the American cousin; Lark Taylor, as the unscrupulous attorney, Richard Coyle; Orlando Daly, as the honest but besotted ex-tutor—an amusing relic of old-fashioned melodrama; Blanche Yurka, as Florence, and Emily Callaway, as Mary the milkmaid. F.

"THE WARE CASE."

As the structure of this importation from London was carefully analyzed in one of Mr. Archer's letters (*Nation*, October 28), we need not trouble our readers by repeating the details of a play which in any land would be thought amateurish. George Pleydell (Bancroft), the author, has contributed only another to the several plays of crime and detection which have been so much in vogue these past two or three years. Of course there is a trial scene—a not very effective one, by the way, and not wholly because audiences have had something too much of this sort of thing of late; the business and arguments leave the spectators bored before the scene is half finished. One act only, the last, that in which the wicked baronet, having been wrongly acquitted of murder, confesses his guilt to his long-suffering wife, possesses large possibilities. For the moment one forgets, owing mainly to the finished acting of Lou-Tellegen, that these are not real, consistent characters, and surrenders to the strong emotional appeal. But the spell is broken by any reflection upon what has gone before.

Credit is also due to Lou-Tellegen for the remarkable representation of controlled excitement which he gave while in the prisoner's dock. In the more usual moments of this baronet's life he seemed ill at ease, even while exhibiting a sort of acting which appeared extremely quiet and contained for a disciple, as he is, of the French school. Gladys Hanson made at times a lovely Lady Ware, but the part as a whole is not credible. Other members of the cast are Montagu Love, as the honorable lover of Lady Ware, and legal defender of Sir Hubert. He has been seen before to advantage on the New York stage.

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John Halliday and Maude Hannaford made an attractive pair of lovers. The rich young brother-in-law of Lady Ware (played by Charles Derickson) is a wretched little jack-in-the-box, belonging loosely to a type that is not infrequent in English plays. Is it in life, or only on the stage, that young men feel privileged to hop upon a divan in a drawing-room with both feet, and wiggle about as though they had Saint-Vitus's dance? F.

Music

SURPRISING CHAMBER MUSIC.

Chamber music as performed by one, two, three, four, or more stringed instruments, with or without piano, is the most dignified branch of the art and the most intellectual, because, with so few instruments, there is not much opportunity for varied coloring or for sensational effects. The audiences, likewise, are the most dignified in behavior, and while a string quartet by Beethoven or Brahms, Schubert or Grieg, often arouses great enthusiasm, one seldom notes any other manifestation of emotion on the part of the listeners. An exception must be recorded at last week's concert of the Flonzaley Quartet, which played a piece that made the audience laugh and insist on its being played over again. Moreover, this piece lasted only one minute—a new thing in the realm of chamber music; it also established a record in being doubtless the most surprising, the ugliest, and the silliest composition ever placed before an audience at such a concert.

The short composition which made the Flonzaley audience laugh was one of "Three Pieces for Quartet" by the Russian futurist, Igor Stravinsky. It is intended, as Prof. Daniel Gregory Mason, of Columbia University, explained to the audience, to describe a desert and a wandering group of peasants with a bagpipe and a drum. The surprising sounds emitted suggested, however, an altercation among wild animals that make their home in the desert. Nor was there much more suggestion of the music of civilization in the other two pieces. One of these is supposed to picture a church in which plain chants are repeated from priests to choir; the other, a juggler laboring under some great sorrow but forced, nevertheless, to do his little tricks. Massenet, in his "Jongleur de Notre Dame," had a similar subject to this last one; he made it a masterpiece of melody, beautiful and touching. Stravinsky succeeded equally well in what was obviously his object—to make as great a variety of hideous noises as four instruments can perpetrate.

More "futurist" music was heard at a recital given last Sunday by Leo Ornstein, who chose the piano as a means of surprising and torturing his hearers. The most extravagant piece on his programme was his own "Wild Men's Dance." With such a subject a composer may claim considerable license in the way of tonal orgies, and Mr. Ornstein makes full use of it. To come back to Stravinsky, he also usually chooses subjects which are supposed to justify the frightfulness of his music, if music it can be called, for it has little in common with what has heretofore been known by that name. In his "Petrouchka," which is to be produced here this season by the Diaghileff Russian Ballet, there are scenes which resemble the subjects of the three pieces played by the Flonzaleys, and in which the cacophony is partly justified by apparently humorous intentions. One of these episodes is a caricature of a barrel-organ grinder; another, an unmistakable imitation of a street band, while a third represents a bear walking on his hind paws.

Turning to music properly speaking, we have to record two important piano recitals, both of them by artists of the British race—Katharine Goodson and Ernest Hutcheson. Miss Goodson, who, in private life, is Mrs. Hinton, the wife of one of the best and sanest English composers of the day, Arthur Hinton, has been known for years as "the English pianist with a Slavic temperament." Her programme was devoted entirely to Chopin, the whole atmosphere of whose art is as un-British as anything could be; yet she plays it as if she had been born at Warsaw, of Polish parentage; and from previous recitals it is known that she plays Liszt's rhapsodies as if her nurse had been a gypsy from the plains of Hungary. The other pianist referred to, Ernest Hutcheson, hails, like Percy Grainger, from Australia. He got the New York Symphony Orchestra to play with him, at one sitting, three concertos. As a rule, such a proceeding can hardly be commended, but Mr. Hutcheson is so good a pianist, and he had shown such excellent taste in the choice of his concertos, that it was easy to forgive him. The three works on his programme were MacDowell's D minor, which is looming up larger and larger every year, and now seems quite the equal of the other two works played on this occasion: Tchaikovsky's concerto in B flat minor and Liszt's in E flat. Percy Grainger was so impressed by Mr. Hutcheson's playing of MacDowell's splendid work that he promptly made up his mind to add it to his own repertory.

Nothing of special importance happened at the Metropolitan Opera House last week. Of orchestral concerts, the most important were those given in Carnegie Hall by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, with Fritz Kreisler as soloist. Dr. Muck is one of several prominent conductors who were pupils and friends of Anton Bruckner, and once in a while he ventures to place one of Bruckner's symphonies on a programme. The seventh was performed last Thursday, under his bâton, and most admirably; but, as always, the chief impression made was that this symphonist had little to say and took a long time to say it. Amends were made by the violin concertos of Beethoven and Viotti, played by Kreisler, whose cadenzas, or quasi-improvisations—while the orchestra is silent—on the themes of these concertos, and the way he plays them, would alone stamp him as the greatest of living violinists.

HENRY T. FINCK.

Art

THE ETCHINGS OF CHILDE HASSAM.

Although one cannot imagine Childe Hassam seriously at a loss with any instrument of the graphic art, the point would seem his least congenial tool. Accordingly, the exhibition of some sixty etchings from his hand, at Keppel's, promised to be chiefly a new *tour de force*. This in many ways it is, largely because of the bewildering variety of the work. Hassam is putting the line through its paces, to excellent effect. Except for occasional infelicities of printing, especially of wiping and tone on plate, the work is like the different periods of a long activity. It is hard to realize that it represents merely the experimenting and recreation of a few years past. One could distinguish several manners, the tremulous expressiveness of the little nude Kitty Resting suggests Whistler; two or three able little memoranda of the Highlands of the Hudson have the frank and direct naturalism of Lalanne or of Daubigny's delightful minor plates; two or three charming architectural bits from old Portsmouth recall just a bit the mood of the smaller Canaletto prints. Then there are plates of old homes amid gardens delicately shimmering and dappled with shadows, the method being so thoroughly effaced that the masses of lines have been completely transmuted into tone. Here, of course, Mr. Hassam's own painting underlies the new effort, and the clearest graphic analogy is Whistler's lithographs. There is an amazingly minute and well-balanced study, Old Warehouses, Portsmouth, which actually assumes the crumbling deliciousness of a lithograph at six-foot range. Its very perfection suggests Mr. Hassam's occasional failure to grasp the idiom of etching. A number of larger interiors with figures are very skilful in adjustment of values of light, very elaborate in execution, and have a not quite happy look as of reproductive prints. These may well be the field of experiment in a new technic. If so, they enhance one's idea of the artist's vitality and resourcefulness.

If I have emphasized the variety of the show, I do not wish to minimize its essential unity. Mr. Hassam carries over into etching the convictions of a delicate luminist. He refuses consistently the broader and more idiomatic means of expression—the areas of dazzling white paper balancing areas of velvety black, which are common to Rembrandt and the recent English etchers under his domination. Mr. Hassam refuses these unnatural contrasts, and multiplies delicate weavings of lines which combine at the right distance into tone. There is almost always an ideal of a definitely pictorial sort. There never was less a sketcher etcher, and this is very interesting, for Mr. Hassam is one of the most accomplished sketchers of our times in water-color and pastel. It shows the seriousness with which

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he is taking the new departure. The reticence and subtlety of the method give these prints distinction. In the best, perhaps Cos Cob Docks, and the river scene fancifully named Old Lace, the tenuous yet complete web of lines does its work of constituting tone and value while persisting as visible line. Such plates as these, and the Athenæum, Portsmouth, seem very definitely Mr. Hassam's own contribution to etching. Their equilibrium is a very sensitive one; a little forcing of the contrasts, a further multiplication of the lines in masses, and we should have merely one more "picturesque" or overworked plate. In setting himself a definite pictorial ideal identical with that of his painting, Mr. Hassam goes far to asking the impossible of the etched line. How far he is wise in sacrificing the obvious picturesque resources of the medium is another question. It is enough to record the probity of the effort and its success. Mr. Hassam's capacity to keep the relish of his mood through these new and minute processes of working, biting, and printing the plate reveals anew the tenacity which gives edge to his finesse. He is fully conscious of the sacrifice he is making, for the splendid woman's torso, called simply Nude, is as plastic and velvety as a Zorn. As I write my eye falls on Samuel Palmer's The Morning of Life, with its throbbing contrasts of light and dark rippling over the lovely linear pattern. It is the organ note of etching, or rather the full chord as first sounded by Rembrandt. Yet I do not doubt that Mr. Hassam will make for us exquisite music within the limitations of the oaten flute which he has chosen to be his instrument. M.

Finance

A CURIOUS INCIDENT.

In future economic histories of the European war, it is probable that one particular combination of events will be described with considerable interest—the sweepingly successful completion of the German army's military campaign in Servia, and the reception of the news, in the outside world, by the most rapid movement of the foreign exchanges against Berlin that has occurred since the war began. Two weeks ago, when it was still imagined that a chance of relief to the Servians by the Allied armies existed, German exchange at New York was quoted, on the usual basis of reckoning, at 80⅝ cents for four marks. This was above the previous low level of war-time—80⅜ at the opening of September—but it also compared with a normal parity of 95½. On Monday of last week a rapid decline began. The rate touched 79⅝ that day; on Tuesday it was down to 79⅜; on Friday it fell to 78¼.

A movement so striking as this, under all the circumstances, raises the question again, exactly what such fluctuations in exchange on a given belligerent market mean. It is possible for a fall in exchange like this week's to mean one or all of three things. It may simply reflect the balance of trade; the Imperial Finance Minister has officially declared that the depreciation of New York exchange on Berlin is merely a necessary result of the blockade of Germany. On that theory, the present week's fall in Berlin exchange has in some quarters been accounted for by the increased severity of the British blockade. The decline may also reflect, however, increasing depreciation of the German currency.

There is no gold premium in Germany; largely, perhaps, because a law was passed in the autumn sending a man to prison if he should offer such a premium. But gold redemption of the currency has been suspended in Germany since the war began; a draft on Berlin, purchased in the foreign exchange market at New York, can be redeemed at Berlin only in current funds, and the New York purchaser of that draft at a heavy discount from its normal gold redemption value cannot be put in a German jail. Following the suspension of gold payments in Germany during August, 1914, the Imperial Bank's note issues, by the latest weekly return, have been increased $1,000,000,000, or 212 per cent.

How far, in the third place, such a fall in exchange could be held to reflect an unfavorable change in the economic or political situation of the market on which the bills are drawn, is a more obscure question. All that one can say certainly is, that the oldest tradition of modern finance is that, when the foreign exchanges move in favor of a given country, things are going well with it, and that the contrary is equally true.

Had this theory been applied to England and France, at the time when New York exchange on London and Paris touched the year's low level on September 1, one might say, even now and in retrospect, that the movement did mean unfavorable developments—economic, political, and military. Last week's break in Berlin exchange can hardly mean adverse judgment on the German military news. Whether, on the other hand, it was connected with other aspects of the situation—obscurely indicated by the break in the Austrian Cabinet and the angry controversy which began when the German Reichstag reconvened last week—and whether, therefore, it had anything to do with the political and economic situation, is a matter which the longer sequel, both of the economic history of the war and of the foreign exchange market, may have to settle.

Such an incident as this sweeping movement of exchange rates adversely to Berlin revives, very naturally, the talk of "financial exhaustion" which equally prevailed during the similar movement of exchange on London and Paris, just three months ago. It therefore led to fresh talk of a possible formal move towards peace—concerning which, it has certainly seemed of late that, if such proposals were to come just now, they would come from Germany. Rumor itself has never yet attributed the purpose of such proposals to the Allies; indeed, the real news of the week with a bearing on their attitude has been Italy's pledge to make no independent peace.

But even when a depreciated exchange reflects a depreciated currency, it does not necessarily mean exhaustion. Exchange on London during 1809, at the great neutral Continental cities, was as badly depreciated as is Berlin exchange to-day; yet England fought France for the next half-dozen years. On general principles, the case should be the same with Germany now—especially as the last word in expedients of war finance, issue of irredeemable paper directly by the Government, has not yet been said.

Yet the terms of peace may nevertheless be stated, by Germany or by the other belligerents, and Wall Street has indulged in considerable conjecture as to what the effect of such an incident would be. Any proposal with an official backing would inevitably start the markets into an effort to "discount" the effects of actual negotiations, and the resultant possibility of serious negotiations to end the war. As to what that possibly not immediate turn in events would mean to the actual course of things on the Stock Exchange, there are three considerations worth remembering. The "war industrials" have at least had a good part of their inflated speculative valuation squeezed out of them. The standard investment issues have a larger stake for their long prosperity in returning peace than in protracted war. Finally, this week has brought very definite evidence that the revival of activity in American trade is no longer dependent on such an incident as the "war munitions orders."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Lippmann, J. M. Burkeses Amy. Holt. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

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Lanson, G. Les Grands Ecrivains de la France. Vols. I and II. Paris, France: Librairie Hachette et Cie.
Lee, V. The Ballet of the Nations. Putnam.
Lowell, A. Six French Poets. Macmillan. $2.50 net.
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Publications of the American Jewish Historical Society No. 23. Published by the Society.
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The Oxford English Dictionary. Edited by J. A. H. Murray. Vol. IX. Si-th. Oxford University Press.

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Lewis, E. Edward Carpenter. Macmillan.
Life, Diary and Letters of Oscar Lovell Shafter. Edited by F. H. Loughead. San Francisco, Cal.: J. J. Newbigin.
Lynch, A. Ireland: Vital Hour. Philadelphia: Winston. $2.50 net.
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Muir, J. Travels in Alaska. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50 net.

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Palmer, F. P. Dates and Days in Europe. Dutton.
Whitmore, C. E. Twenty-five Sonnets. Privately printed.

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Pitman, I. Course in Shorthand. 1916 edition, revised. New York: Isaac Pitman. $1.50 net.
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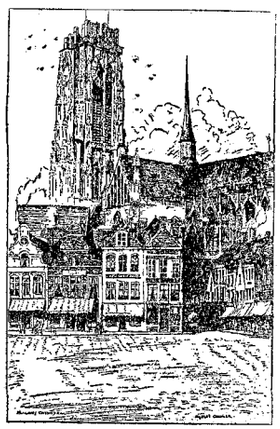

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